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PAULINE



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LOS ANGELES



Nellie Ross.

"A Merry Christmas"

From her brother,

Sibley Rowell.

1878.

P A U L I N E

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

HANFORD LENNOX GORDON

NEW YORK

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

182 Fifth Avenue

1878

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PS
1757
G65p

TO

THE MEMORY OF

MY DEVOTED WIFE,

DEAD AND GONE

YET ALWAYS WITH ME,

I DEDICATE

PAULINE,

THE FLOWER OF MY HEART,

NURSED INTO BLOOM BY HER LOVING CARE

AND OFTEN WATERED WITH HER TEARS.

H. L. G.

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PAULINE.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

FAIR morning sat upon the mountain-top,
And o'er the silent city softly stole
The sheen and shimmer of her golden robes.
Night skulking crept into the mountain-chasm.
The silent ships slept in the silent bay ;
One broad blue bent of ether domed the heavens,
One broad blue distance lay the shadowy land,
One broad blue vast of silence slept the sea.
Now from the dewy groves the joyful birds
In carol-concert sang their matin songs
Softly and sweetly—full of prayer and praise.
Then silver-chiming, solemn-voicéd bells
Rung out their music on the morning air,

And Lisbon gathered to the festival
In chapel and cathedral. Choral hymns
And psalms of sea-toned organs mingling rose
With sweetest incense floating up to Heaven,
Bearing the praises of the multitudes,
And all was holy peace and holy happiness.

A rumbling of deep thunders in the deep ;
The vast sea shuddered and the mountains groaned ;
Then heaved the solid earth,—the nether rocks
Burst—and the sea—the earth—the echoing heavens
Thundered infernal ruin. On their knees
The trembling multitudes received the shock,
And dumb with sudden terror bowed their heads
To toppling spire and plunging wall and dome.

So shook the mighty North the sudden roar
Of Treason thundering on the April air,—
An earthquake shock that jarred the granite hills
And westward rolled against th' eternal walls
Rock-built by Titans,—for a moment shook :
Uprose a giant and with iron hands

Caught his huge hammer, claspt his belt of steel,
And o'er the Midgard-monster mighty Thor
Loomed for the combat.

Peace,—O blessed Peace!

The war-worn veterans hailed thee with a shout
Of Alleluias;—homeward wound the trains,
And homeward marched the bayonet-bristling
columns

To '*Hail Columbia*' from a thousand horns;
Marched to the jubilee of chiming bells,
Marched to the joyful peals of cannon, marched,
With blazing banners and victorious songs,
Into the outstretched arms of love and home.

But there be columns—columns of the dead
That slumber on an hundred battle-fields—
No bugle-blast shall waken till the trump
Of the Archangel. O the loved and lost!
For them no jubilee of chiming bells;
For them no cannon-peal of victory;
For them no outstretched arms of love and home.

God's peace be with them. Heroes who went down
Wearing their stars, live in the nation's songs
And stories,—there be greater heroes still,
That moulder in unnumbered nameless graves,
Erst bleached unburied on the fields of fame
Won by their valor. Who will sing of these—
Sing of the patriot-deeds on flood and field
Of these—the truer heroes—all unsung?
O where the modest muse in Quaker gray
Who blew the pibroch ere the battle lowered,
Then pitched her tent upon the balmy beach?
“Snow-bound,” I ween, among her native hills.
And where the master hand that swept the lyre
Till wrinkled critics cried “Excelsior”?
Gathering the “Aftermath” in frosted fields.
Then, timid Muse, no longer shake thy wings .
For airy realms and fold again in fear;
A broken flight is better than no flight,
A timid voice is better than no voice.
Be thine the task as best you may, to sing
The deeds of one who sleeps at Gettysburg
Among the thousands in a common grave.
The story of his life I bid you tell

As it was told one windy winter night
To veterans gathered around the festal board,
Fighting old battles over where the field
Ran red with wine, and all the battle-blare
Was merry laughter and the merry songs,—
Told when the songs were sung by him who heard
The pith of it from the dying soldier's lips—
His Captain,—tell it as the Captain told.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Come, comrades, let us fight one battle more ;
Let the cock crow,—we'll guard the camp to-night.
And—since the singers and the merry ones
Are *hors du combat*—fill the cups again
With ruddy wine, and listen to a tale—
Romantic,—but the warp thereof 'is truth.
When the old Flag o'er Sumter's sea-girt walls
From its proud perch a fluttering ruin fell,
I swore an oath as big as Bunker Hill ;
For I was younger then, nor battle-scarred,
And full of patriot-faith and martial fire.

I raised a company of riflemen,
Marched to the front, and proud of my command,
Nor seeking higher, led them till the day
Of triumph and the nation's jubilee.
Among the first that answered to my call,
Came the hero of the story you shall hear.
'Tis better I describe him. He was young—
Near two and twenty,—neither short nor tall,—
A slender student, and his tapering hands
Had better graced a maiden than a man :
Sad, thoughtful face,—a wealth of raven hair
Brushed back in waves from forehead prominent ;
A classic nose—half Roman and half Greek ;
Dark, lustrous eyes beneath a jutting brow,
Wearing a shade of sorrow, yet so keen,
And in the storm of battle flashing fire.

' Well, boy,' I said, ' I doubt if you will do ;
I need stout men for picket-line and march—
Men that have bone and muscle—men inured
To toil and hardships,—men, in short, my boy,
To march and fight, and march and fight again.'

A queer expression lit his earnest face—
Half frown—half smile.

“Well, *try* me.” That was all
He answered, and I put him on the roll—
Paul Prior—Private—and he donned the blue.
Paul proved himself the best in my command;
I found him first at reveille, and first
In all the varied duties of the day.
His rough-hewn comrades, bred to boist’rous ways,
Jeered at the slender youth with maiden hands,
Nick-named him ‘Nel,’ and for a month or more
Kept up a fusillade of jokes and jeers.
Their jokes and jeers he heard but heeded not,
Or heeding did a kindly act for him
That jeered him loudest, so the hardy men
Came to look up to Paul as one above
The level of their rough and boist’rous ways.
He never joined the jolly soldier-sports,
But ever was the first at bugle-call,
Mastered the drill and often drilled the men.
Fatigued with duty, weary with the march

Under the blaze of the midsummer sun,
He murmured not,—alike in sun or rain
His utmost duty eager to perform,
And ever ready,—always just the same
Patient and earnest—sad and silent Paul.

The day of battle came—that Sabbath day,
Midsummer. Hot and blistering as the flames
Of prairie-fires wind-driven, the burning sun
Blazed down upon us, and the blinding dust
Wheeled in dense clouds and covered all our ranks,
As we marched on to battle. Then the roar
Of batteries broke upon us. Glad indeed,
That music to my soldiers, and they cheered
And cheered again, and boasted—all but Paul—
And shouted '*On to Richmond!*'—he alone
Was silent,—but his eyes were full of fire.

Then came the order—'Forward, double-quick!'
And we rushed into battle,—formed our line
Facing the foe—the ambushed, deadly foe,
Hid in the thicket, with the Union flag—

A cheat—hung out before it—luring us
Into a blazing hell. The battle broke
With wildest fury on us,—crashed and pealed
The rolling thunder of continuous fire.
We broke and rallied,—charged and broke again,
And rallied still,—broke counter charge and charged
Loud-yelling, furious, on the hidden foe;—
Met thrice our numbers and came flying back
Disordered and disheartened. Yet again
I strove to rally my discouraged men,
But hell was fairly howling;—only Paul—
Eager but bleeding from a bullet-wound
In the left arm—came bounding to my side.
But at that moment I was struck and fell—
Fell prostrate; then a sickly sense of death
Came o'er me, and I saw and heard no more
Of battle on that Sabbath.

I awoke

Confined and jolted in an ambulance
Piled with the wounded,—driven recklessly
By one who chiefly cared to save himself.

I raised myself as best I could ; my wound
Was not as dangerous as it might have been—
A scalp wound o'er the temple ; there you see,—
He put his finger on the ugly scar,—
Half an inch deeper, and some soldier-friend,
Among the veterans gathered here to-night,
Had told a briefer story o'er the wine.
In front and rear I saw the fearful rout,—
A broken army swarming panic-struck ;—
The proud brigades of undulating steel
That marched at sunrise under blazoned flags,
Singing the victory ere the cannon roared,
And eager for the honors of the day,—
Like bison Indian-chased on windy plains,
Now broken and commingled fled the field.
Words of command were only wasted breath ;
Colonels and brigadiers, on foot and soiled,
Were pushed and jostled by the hurrying hordes.
Anon the cry of '*Cavalry !*' arose,
And army teams came dashing down the road
And plunged into the panic. All the way
Was strown with broken wagons, battery-guns,
Tents, muskets, knapsacks and exhausted men.

My men were mingled with the lawless crowd,
And in the swarm behind us, there was Paul—
Silent and soldier-like with knapsack on
And rifle on his shoulder guarding me,
And marching on behind the ambulance.
So all that dark and gloomy night we marched,
Each man a captain—captain o'er himself—
Nor cared for orders on that wild retreat
To safety from disaster. All that night,
Silent and soldier-like my wounded Paul
Marched close behind and kept his faithful watch.
For ever and anon the jaded men,
Clamorous and threat'ning, sought to clamber in,
And ride upon our load of misery,
Whom Paul drove off at point of bayonet,
Wielding his musket with his good right arm.
But when the night was waning to the morn
I saw that he was weary and I made
A place for Paul and begged him to get in.
“No, Captain, no,” he answered,—“I will walk,—
I'm making bone and muscle,—learning now
To march and fight and march and fight again.”
That silenced me, and we went rumbling on,
Till morning found us safe at Arlington.

A month off duty and a faithful nurse
Worked wonders and my head was well again,—
But—to be candid—cracked a little yet.
My nurse was Paul. Albeit his left arm,
Flesh-wounded, pained him sorely for a time,
With filial care he dressed my battered head,
And wrote for me to anxious friends at home;
But never wrote a letter for himself.
Thinking of this one day, I spoke of it;—
A cloud came o'er his face.

“My friends,” he said,
“Are here among my comrades in the camp.”
That was a mystery and I questioned him,
But got no answers—or mysterious ones.

Again we joined our regiment and marched
Far o'er the hills and dales of Maryland.
On picket-duty at the frequent fords
For weary, toilsome months were we employed
Along the broad Potomac, while our foes,
Eagerly watching for their human game,

Lurked like Apaches on the wooded shores.
Bands of enemy's cavalry by night
Along the line of river prowled and sought
To dash across and raid in Maryland.
Two regiments guarded miles of river-bank,
And drilled alternately ;—and one was ours.
Off picket-duty, alike in fair or foul,
With knapsacks on and bearing forty rounds,
From morn till night we drilled,—battalion-drill,—
Often at double-quick for weary hours,—
Bearing our burdens in the blazing sun,
Till strong men staggered from the ranks and fell.
Aye, many a hardy man in those hard days
Was drilled and disciplined into his grave. Arose
Murmurs of discontent, and loud complaints
Fell on dull ears till patience was worn out,
And mutiny was hinted. As for Paul
I never heard a murmur from his lips ;
Nor did he ask a reason for the things
Unreasonable and hard required of him,
But straightway did his duty, just as if
The nation's fate hung on it. I pitied Paul ;
Slender in form and delicate, he bore

The toils and duties of the hardest.
Ill from exposure, or fatigued and worn,
On picket hungered, shivering in the rain,
Or sweltering in full dress, with knapsack on,
Beneath the blaze of the mid-summer sun,
He held his spirit,—always still the same
Patient and earnest, sad and silent Paul.

We posted pickets two by two. At night,
By turns the comrades slept and took the watch.
Once in September, in a dismal storm,
Three days and nights with neither tent nor fire,
Paul and a comrade held a picket-post.
The equinox raged madly. Chilling winds
In angry gusts roared from the northern hills,
Dashing the dismal rain-clouds into showers
That fell in torrents over all the land.
In camp the soldiers crouched in dripping tents,
Or shivered o'er the camp fires. I was ill
And gladly sought the shelter of a hut.
Our rules were strict and often hard to bear—
Nor tents nor fire upon the picket-posts,—

Cold rations and a canopy of storms.
I pitied Paul and would have called him in,
But that I had no man to take his place ;
Nor did I know he took upon himself
A double task. His comrade on the post
Was ill, and so he made a shelter for him
With his own blankets and a bed within ;
And took the watch of both upon himself.
And on the third night near the dawn of day,
In rubber cloak stole in upon the post
A pompous major, on the nightly round,
Unchallenged. All fatigued and drenched with rain,
There on his post—his rifle in his hand—
Paul leaned against a sheltering elm and slept.
The haughty major stormed and threatened death ;
Then pitiless pricked the comrade with his sword,
And from his shelter drove him to the watch,
Shivering with fever. There Paul interposed
And said :

“ I ask no mercy at your hands ;
I shall not whimper, but my comrade here

Is ill of fever; I have stood his watch;
I pray you send him to the hospital."

The pompous brute—vaingloriously great
In blue and buttons, haughtily silenced Paul,
Hand-bound and sent him guarded to the camp,
And the poor comrade shivering stood the watch
Till dawn of day and I was made aware.
Among the true were some vainglorious fools
Called by the tap of drum from native mire
To lord and strut in shoulder-straps and buttons.
Scrubs, born to brush the boots of gentlemen,
By freak of fickle fortune found themselves
Masters of better men, and lorded it
As only base and brutish natures can.

I interceded in my Paul's behalf,
Else he had suffered graver punishment,
But as himself for mercy would not beg,—
"A stubborn boy," our bluff old colonel said—
To extra duty for a month he went

At camp and on the picket. When the rain
Poured down most pitiless, Paul was sure to be
On picket-duty without tent or fire ;
When the broad sun at mid-day blazed and burned,
Like the red flame on Mauna Loa's top,
Withering the grass and parching earth and air,
I often saw him knapsacked and full-dressed,
Drilling the raw recruits at double-quick ;
And yet he wore a patient countenance,
And went about his duty earnestly,
As if it were a pleasure to obey.

The month wore off, then mad disaster gorged
Her maw with blood of heroes at Ball's Bluff.
'Twas there the brave and noble Baker fell—
A sacrifice—perhaps to treachery.
Quenched was the flame that fired a thousand hearts ;
Hushed was the voice that shook the senate-walls,
And rang defiance to the traitors there.
Broad o'er the rugged mountains to the north
Fell the incessant rain till, like a sea,
Him and the deadly ambush of the foe

The mighty river rolled and roared between.
Brave Baker saw the peril, but not his
The soul to shrink or falter, though he saw
His death-warrant in his orders. Forth he led
His proud brigade across the roaring chasm,
Firmly and bravely into the chasm of death.
From morn till mid-day in a single boat
Unfit, by companies, the fearless band
Passed o'er the swollen river; then advanced
Upon the ambushed foe. We heard the roll
Of volleys in the forest, and uprose,
From out the wood, a cloud of battle-smoke.
Then came the yell of foemen charging down
Rank upon rank and furious. Hand to hand,
The little band of heroes, flanked and pressed,
Fought thrice their numbers; fearless Baker led
In prodigies of valor; front and flank
Loud swarmed the furious foemen; in the rear
The rapid, raging river rolled and roared.
Along the Maryland shore a mile below,
Eager to cross and re-inforce our friends,
Ten thousand soldiers lay upon their arms;
And we had boats to spare. In all our ranks

There was not one who did not comprehend
The peril and the instant need of aid.
Chafing we waited orders. We could see
That Baker's men were fighting in retreat ;
For ever nearer o'er the forest rose
The smoke of battle. Orders came at last,
And up along the bank our regiment ran,
Eager to aid our comrades, but too late.
Baker had fallen in the battle front ;
He fought like Spartan and like Spartan fell.
Their leader lost, confusion followed fast ;
Wild panic and red slaughter ruled the field.
Powerless to save we saw the farther shore
Covered with wounded and wild fugitives—
Our own defeated and defenseless friends.
Shattered and piled with wounded men the boat
Pushed off to brave the river, while the foe
Pressed on the charge with fury, and refused
Mercy to the vanquished. Officers and men,
Cheating the frenzied foemen of their spoils,
Their flags and arms into the gurgling depths
Despairing hurled, and following plunged amain.
As numerous as the wild aquatic flocks

That float in autumn on Lake Winnipeg,
The heads of swimmers moved upon the flood.
And still upon the shore a Spartan few—
Shoulder to shoulder—back to back as one—
Amid the din and clang of clashing steel,
Surrounded held the swarming foes at bay.
As in the pre-historic centuries—
Unnumbered ages ere the pyramids—
Whereof we read on pre-diluvian bones
And fretted flints in excavated caves,
When savage men abode in rocky dens,
And wrought their weapons from the fiery flint,
And clothed their tawny thighs in lion-skins,—
Before the mouth of some well-guarded cave,
Where smoked the savory flesh of mammoth, came
The great cave-bear unbidden to the feast.
Around the monster swarm the brawny men,
Wielding with sinewy arms and savage cries
Their flinty spears and tomahawks of stone :
Erect old bruin growls upon his foes,
And swings with mighty power his ponderous paws,—
Woe unto him who feels the crushing blow,—
Till bleeding from an hundred wounds and blind,

With sudden plunge he falls at last, and dies
Amid the shouts of his wild enemies.
So fought the Spartan few till, one by one,
They fell surrounded by a wall of foes.
The river boiled beneath the storm of lead ;
Weighed down with heavy clothing many sunk,
But more went down with bullets in their heads.
O ! it was pitiful. The out-stretched hands
Of men that erst had faced the battle-storm
Unshaken, grasping now in wild despair,
Wrung tears of pity from us. Vain our fire,—
The range too long,—it fell upon our friends ;
At which the foemen yelled their mad delight.
A shower of bullets poured upon the boat,
Mangling the mangled on her, till at last,
Shattered and over-laden, suddenly
She made a lurch to leeward and went down.

A shallow boat lay moored upon the shore ;
Our gallant Colonel called for volunteers
In mercy's name to man it and push out.
But all could see the peril. Stout the heart

Would dare to face the raging flood and fire,
And to his call responded not a man—
Save Paul and one who perished at the helm.
They went as if at bugle-call to drill ;
Their comrades said, " They never will return."
Stoutly and steadily Paul rowed the boat
Athwart the rolling river's sullen tide,
And reached the wounded struggling in the flood.
Bravely they worked away and lifted in
The helpless till the boat would hold no more ;
Others they helped to holds upon the rails,
Then pulled away the over-laden craft.
We cheered them from the shore. The maddened foe
With furious volleys answered,—hitting oft
The little craft of mercy ;—hands anon
Relaxed their holds and sunk into the deep ;
And in that storm Paul's gallant comrade fell.
Trimming his craft with caution Paul could make
But little headway with a single oar,—
The other had been wildly clutched away.
Unscathed he stood ; then fell a sudden shower
That broke his bended oar-stem near the blade.
Down to the brink we crept and stretched our hands,
And cried to him to swim and save himself.

He stood a moment as if all were lost,
Then caught the rope, and stretching forth his hand,
Waved to the foe and leaped into the flood.
Slowly he towed the clumsy craft and swam,
Down-drifting with the rapid, rolling stream.
Cheering him on adown the shore we ran ;
The current lent its aid and bore him in
Toward us, and beyond the range at last.
Of foemen's fire he safely came to land,
Mooring his boat amid a storm of cheers.

Confined in hospital three days he lay
Fatigued and feverous, but tender hands
Nursed and restored him. Our old Colonel came
And thanked him—patting Paul paternally—
And praised his prowess. “Noble boy,” he said,
“Had I a regiment of such men, by Jove!
I'd cut my way to Richmond in a week.”
Paul made reply, and in his smile and tone
Mingled a touch of sarcasm :

“ Thank you, sir ;
But let me add—I fear the wary foe
Would nab your reg’ment napping on the field.
You have forgotten, Colonel—not so fast,—
I am the man that slept upon his post.”
Our bluff old Colonel laughed and turned away ;
Ten minutes later came his sole reply—
A basketful of luxuries from his mess.

Paul marched and fought and marched and fought
again,
Patient and earnest through the bootless toils
And fiery trials of that dread campaign
Upon the Peninsula. ’Tis fitly called
“ Campaign of Battles.” Aye, it sorely pierced
The scarred and bleeding nation, and drew blood
Deep from her vitals till she shook and reeled,
Like some vast giant staggering to his fall,—
Blinded with blood, yet struggling with his soul,
And stretching forth his ponderous, brawny arms,
Like Samson in the Temple, to o’erwhelm
And crush his mocking enemies in his fall.

Ah, Malvern! you remember Malvern Hill,—
That night of fearful butchery! Round the top
Of the entrenched summit, parked and aimed,
Blazed like Vesuvius when he bellows fire
And molten lava into the midnight heavens,
An hundred crashing cannon, and the hill
Shook to the thunder of the mighty guns,
As ocean trembles to the bursting throes
Of submarine volcanoes; and the shells
From the embattled gun-boats—fiery slugs,
As blazing meteors—through the ether hissed
Like Hell's infernals. Line supporting line,
From base to summit round the blazing hill,
Our infantry was posted. Crowned with fire,
And zoned by many a blazing, burning belt
From head to foot, and belching sulphurous flames,
The embattled hill appeared a raging fiend—
The Lucifer of Hell let loose to reign
Over a world wrapt in the final fires.

In solid columns massed our frenzied foes
Beat out their life against the blazing hill;—

Broke and re-formed and madly charged again,
And thundered like the storm-lashed, furious sea
Beating in vain against the solid cliffs.
Foremost in front our veteran regiment
Breasted the brunt of battle, but we bent
Beneath the onsets as the red-hot bar
Bends to the sledge, until our furious foes—
Baffled and beaten—mown like prairie-grass
Before autumnal fires—fell back and left
A field of bloody agony and death
About the base, and victory on the hill.

I lost a score of riflemen that night ;
My first lieutenant—his last battle over—
Lay cut in twain upon the battle-line.
With lantern dim wide o'er the frightful field
I searched at midnight for my wounded men,
But chiefly searched for Paul. An hour or more
I sought among the groaning and the dead,
Stooping and to the dim light turning up
The ghastly faces, till at last I found
Him whom I sought, and on the outer line,—

Feet to the foe and silent face to Heaven,—
Dead-pale and bleeding from a dangerous wound,
Gashed by the ragged fragment of a shell.
Pleading with feeble voice to let him be
And die upon the field, we bore him thence ;
And tenderly his comrades carried him,
Sheltered with blankets, on the weary march
At dead of night in dismal storm begun.
We made a stand at Harrison's, and there
With careful hands we laid him on a cot.
Now I had learned to prize the noble boy ;
My heart was touched with pity. Patiently
I watched o'er Paul and bathed his fevered brow,
And pressed the cooling sponge upon his lips,
And washed his wound and gave him nourishment.
'Twas all in vain, the surgeon said. I felt
That I could save him and I kept my watch.
A rib was crushed,—beneath it one could see
The throbbing vitals—torn, as we supposed,
But found unwounded. In his feverish dreams
He often moaned and muttered mysteries,
And seemed to speak to one he dearly loved.
I questioned him and sought the secret key

To solve his mystery, but all in vain.
A month of careful nursing turned the scale,
And he began to gain upon his wound.
Propt in his cot one evening as he sat,
And I sat by him, thus I questioned him :
“ There is a mystery about your life
That I would gladly fathom. Paul, I think
You well may trust me, and I fain would hear
The story of your life ; right well I know
There is a secret sorrow in your heart.”

He turned his face and fixed his lustrous eyes
Upon mine own enquiringly, and held
His gaze upon me till his vacant stare
Told me full well his thoughts had wandered back
Into the depths of his own silent soul ;
Then he looked down and sadly smiled and said :

“ Captain, I have no history—not one page ;
My book of life is but a blotted blank.
Let it be sealed ; I would not open it,

Even to you who saved a worthless life,
Only to add a few more leaves in blank
To the blank volume. All that I now am
I offer for our country. If I live
And from this cot walk forth, 'twill only be
'To march and fight and march and fight again,'
Until a surer aim shall bring me down
Where care and kindness can no more avail.
Under our Country's flag a soldier's death
I hope to die and leave no name behind.
My only wish is this,—for what I am
Or have been, or have hoped to be, is now
A blank misfortune. I will say no more."
I questioned Paul and pressed him further still
To tell his story, but he only shook
His head in silence sadly and lay back,
And closed his eyes and whispered—"All is blank."
That night he muttered often as he slept;
I could not catch the sense of what he said;
I caught a name that he repeated oft—
Pauline—so softly whispered that I thought
It was the balmy burden of his dreams.

Two moons had waxed and waned, and Paul arose,
Came to the camp and shared my tent and bed.
While in the hospital, he helpless lay—
To him unknown, and as the choice of all—
Came his promotion to the vacant rank
Of him who fell at Malvern. But, alas,
Say what we would he would not take the post.
To us who importuned him, he replied :
“Comrades and friends, I did not join your ranks
For honor or for profit. All I am—
A wreck perhaps of what I might have been—
I freely offer in our Country’s cause ;
And in her cause it is my wish to serve,
A private soldier ; I aspire to naught
But victory,—and there be better men—
Braver and hardier,—such should have the place.”

His comrades cheered, but Paul, methought, was
sad.

One evening as he sat upon his couch,
Communing with himself, as he was wont,
I sat before him ; gazing in his face,

I said, "*Pauline*,—her name is then, *Pauline*."
All of a sudden up he rose amazed,
And looked upon me with such startled eyes,
That I was pained, and feared that I had done
A wrong to him whom I had learned to love.
Then he sat down upon his couch and groaned,
And pressed his hand upon his wound, and said:
"Captain, I pray you, tell me truthfully,
Wherefore you speak that name."

I told him all
That I had heard him mutter in his dreams.
He listened calmly to the close and said:
"My friend, if you have any kind regard
For me who suffer more than you may know,
I pray you utter not that name again."
And thereupon he turned and hid his face.

There was a mystery I might not fathom,
There was a history I might not hear:
Nor could I further press that saddened heart

Its secret sorrow in my ears to pour.
Thereafter Paul was tenant of my tent,—
Ate at my mess and slept upon my couch,
Save when his duty called him from my side,
And not a word escaped his lips or mine
About his secret,—yet how oft I found
My eyes upon him and my bridled tongue
Prone to a question; but that solemn face
Forbade me and he wore his mystery.

At that grand battle on Antietam's banks
Where gallant Hooker led the fierce attack,
Paul bore a glorious part. Our starry flag—
Before a whirlwind of terrific fire
Advancing proudly on the foe, went down.
Grim death and pale-faced panic seized the ranks.
Paul caught the flag and waving it aloft
Rallied our regiment. He came out unscathed.

At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he fought;
Grim in disaster,—bravest in defeat,

He leaped not into danger without cause,
Nor shrunk he from it though a gulf of fire,
When duty bade him face it. All his aim—
To win the victory; applause and praise
He almost hated; grimly he endured
The fulsome flattery of his comrades nerved
By his calm courage up to manlier deeds.

I saw him angered once if one might call
His sullen silence anger, as by night
Across the Rappahannock, from the field
Where grim and gallant 'Stonewall' Jackson fell,
With hopeless hearts and heavy steps we marched.
Such graven wrath on other human face
I never saw in all those bloody years.
One evening after, as he read to me
The fulsome General Order of our Chief—
Congratulating officers and men
On their achievements in the late defeat—
His sullen face grew rigid as he read,
And as he closed, down like a thunder-clap
Upon the mess-chest fell his clenched fist:

“Fit pap for fools!” he said,—“an Iron Duke
Had ground the Southern legions into dust,
Or, by the gods!—the field of Chancellorsville
Had furnished graves for ninety thousand men!”*

That dark disaster sickened many a soul;
Stout hearts were sad and cowards cried for peace.
The vulture, perched hard by the eagle’s crag,
Loud-cawed his fellows from afar to feast
Upon the poor Republic’s bleeding limbs.
Ill-omened bird,—his carrion-cries were vain!
Again our veteran eagles plumed their wings,
And forth he fled from Montezuma’s shores,—
A dastard fight—betraying unto death
Him whom he dazzled with a bauble crown.
Just retribution followed swift and sure,—
Germania’s eagles plucked him at Sedan.
A gloomy month wore off, and then the news
That Lee, emboldened by his late success,
Had poured his legions upon Northern soil,

*Hooker had 90,000 men at Chancellorsville.

Rung through the camp, and thrilled the mighty
heart

Of the Grand Army. Louder than the roar
Of brazen cannon on the battle-field,
Then rose and rolled our thunder-rounds of cheers.

We saw the dawn of victory,—we should meet
Our monster foe upon familiar soil.

We cheered the news, we cheered the marching-
orders,

We cheered our gallant chieftain till the tears
Ran down his cheeks. Up from its sullen gloom
Leaped the Grand Army, as if God had writ
With fiery finger 'thwart the vault of Heaven
A solemn promise of swift victory.

We marched. As rolls the deep, resistless flood
Of Mississippi, when the rains of June
Have swelled his thousand northern fountain-lakes
Above their barriers,—rolls with restless roar,
Anon through rock-built gorges, and anon,
Down through the prairied valley to the sea,
Gleaming and glittering in the summer sun.

By field and forest on his winding way ;
So stretched and rolled the mighty column forth,
Winding among the hills and pouring out
Along the vernal valleys ; so the sheen
Of moving bayonets glittered in the sun.
And as we marched there rolled upon the air,
Up from the vanguard-corps, a choral chant,
Feeble at first and far and far away,
But gathering volume as it rolled along,
And regiment after regiment joined the choir,
Until an hundred thousand voices swelled
The surging chorus, and the solid hills
Shook to the thunder of the mighty song.
And as it died away along the line,
The hill-tops caught the chorus—rolled away
From peak to peak the pealing thunder chant,
Clear as the chime of bells on Sabbath morn ;
“ THE UNION—THE UNION FOREVER ! ”

Far away
The mountains echoed and re-echoed still,—
“ THE UNION—THE UNION FOREVER ! ”

Till the winds

Bore the re-echoing chorus southward far,
And the dull distance lost it to our ears.

Fast by the field where glorious Baker fell,
We crossed the famous river and advanced
To Frederick. There a transitory cloud
Gloomed the Grand Army,—Hooker was relieved,—
The dashing, daring, soul-inspiring chief,—
The idol of his soldiers, and they mourned.
He had his faults,—they were not faults of heart,—
His gravest—fiery valor. Since that day,
The self-same fault—or virtue—crowned a chief
With laurel plucked on rugged Kennesaw.
Envy it was that wrought the hero's fall,
Envy, with hydra-heads and serpent-tongues,
Hissed on the wolfish clamors of the Press.
O fickle Fortune, how thy favors fall—
Like rain upon the just and the unjust!
Throughout the army, as the soldiers read
The farewell-order, gloomy murmurs ran;
But our new chieftan fortified our hearts.

That Meade would choose his battle-ground we knew,
And if not his the eager dash and dare,
That on Antietam's bloody battle-field
Snatched victory from defeat, our faith was firm
That he would fight for victory, holding us
Safely in hand, nor sacrifice our lives
In wild assaults and fruitless daring deeds.

From Taneytown, at mid-day, on the hills
Of Gettysburg we heard the cannon boom.
Our gallant Hancock rode full speed away,
And under Gibbon fast we followed him,
And camped at night on Cemetery Hill.
Sharp the initial combat of the grand
On-coming battle, and the sulphurous smoke
Lay like a fog along the narrow vale
Between two hostile armies, mightier far
Than met upon the field of Marathon,
Or where the proud Carthago bowed to Rome.
Hope of the North and Liberty—the one—
Pride of the South—the other. On the hills—
A rolling range of rugged, royal hills,

Stretching from Round-Top northward, curving
thence

And butting down upon a silver stream—
In hasty works our veteran regiments lay.
Facing our battle-line and parallel—
Beyond the narrow valley to the west—
Lay Seminary Ridge—a crest of hills,
Partially wooded. On this serrate range,
As numerous as the swarming ocean-fowl
That perch in squadrons on some barren isle,
Far in the Arctic sea when summer-sun
With slanting spears invades the icy realm,
The Southern legions lay upon their arms.
As countless as the winter-evening stars
That glint and glow above the frosted fields
Twinkled and blazed upon that crest of hills
The camp-fires of the foe. Two mighty hosts,
Ready and panoplied for deadliest war,
And eager for the combat where the prize
Of victory was Empire,—for the foe
An empire borne upon the bended backs
Of toiling slaves in millions,—but for us
An empire grounded on the rights of man—

Lay on their arms awaiting innocent morn
To light the field for slaughter to begin.

Silent above us spread the dusky heavens,
Silent below us lay the shrouded vale,
Silent beyond, the dreadful crest of hills.
Anon the neigh of horse, a sentry's call,
Or rapid hoof-beats of a flying steed
Bearing an aid and orders, broke the dread,
Portentous silence. I was worn and slept.

The call of bugles wakened me. The dawn
Was stealing softly o'er the shadowy land
And morning grew apace. Broad in the east
Uprose above the crest of hazy hills,
Like some vast shield by fabled giant borne,
The golden sun, and flashed upon the field,
While far on either hand the rugged heights
Swarmed with the busy bustle of the camps.
The morning passed and mid-day. Here and there
The crack of rifle on the picket-line,

Or boom of solitary cannon broke
The myriad-voic'd and dreadful monotone.
So fled the anxious hours until the hills
Sent forth their silent shadows to the east,—
And then their batteries opened on our left
Advanced into the valley. All along
The serried crest of Seminary Ridge
Rolled up the smoke of cannon. Answered then
The grim artillery on our chain of hills,
And heaven was hideous with the bellowing boom,
The whiz of shot, the infernal shrieks of shells.
Down from the hills their charging column came
A glittering mass of steel. As when the snow
Piled by an hundred winters on the peak
Of cloud-robed Bernard thunders down the cliffs,
Nor rocks nor forests stay the mighty mass,
And men and flocks in terror fly the death,
So thundering fell the column of the foe—
Crushing brave Sickles' corps in front and flank,
And roaring onward like a mighty wind.
But Hancock saw the peril: up we leaped
And dashed for Round-Top—rugged eminence—
Key to our Left and Centre. Stormed and yelled

The furious foemen pressing on the charge
To gain the rugged hill. We reached it first
And formed our line behind a broken wall.
On came the surging column. Sword in hand,
Waving and shouting to his frenzied corps,
Rode furious Longstreet leading on the foe.
An hundred cannon on our blazing hills
Poured down their iron storm of shot and shell,
Continuous crashed the rounds of musketry,
And high above the horrid tempest howled
The hideous shouts of the advancing host.
Even as a whirlwind charged with lightning roars
Down through a dusky forest and its path
Is strown with shattered and uprooted trees—
Promiscuous piled in broad and broken swaths—
So crashed our volleys through their serried ranks—
Mowing great swaths of death,—yet on and up—
Closing the gaps and yelling like the fiends
That Dante heard along the gulf of Hell—
Still came our furious foes. A cloud of smoke,
Dense, blinding, sulphurous, shrouded all the hill.
Our rifles blazed upon the blaze below,
The blaze below upon the blaze above,

And in the blaze the buzz of myriad bees
Whose stings were deadlier than the Libyan asp.
On—up they come like demons through the smoke,—
They reach the crest,—they rush upon the wall !
Lo from our line a sheet of crackling fire
Scorches their grimy faces,—back they reel
And tumble—down and down—a rolling mass
Of slaughter and defeat !

Leaped on the wall
Ten thousand “ Blues ” and swung their hats in air,
Thundering their wild huzzas above the roar
And crash of cannon ;—victory was ours.
Back to his crest of hills the baffled foe
Reluctant turned and fled the storm of death.

The smoke of battle floated from the field,
And lo the hillside piled with slaughter-heaps !
And lo the valley dotted with the slain !
And lo the rank of dead and dying men
That fighting fell behind the battered wall !

Night hovered o'er us on her dusky wings ;
Then all along our lines upon the hills
Blazed up the evening camp-fires. Facing us
Beyond the smoke-robed valley sparkled up
A chain of fires on Seminary Ridge.
The hum of mingled voices filled the air.
As when upon the bosom of the sea
And all along the rock-built, somber shore
Murmurs the menace of the coming storm,—
The muttering of the tempest from afar,
The splash and moan of surf upon the sand,
The roll of distant thunder in the heavens,
Unite and blend in one prevailing voice,
So rose the mingled murmurs of our camps,
So rose the groans and moans of mangled men
Along the slope and valley, and so rolled
From yonder frowning parallel of hills
The muttering menace of our furious foes ;
And so from camp to camp and hill to hill
Murmured the mighty mutter-mingled moan
Of an hundred thousand voices blent in one.

That night a multitude of friends and foes
Slept soundly,—but they slept to wake no more.
But few indeed among the living slept;
We lay upon our arms and courted sleep
With open eyes and ears: the fears and hopes
That centered in the half-fought battle held
The balm of slumber from our weary limbs.
Anon the rattle of the random fire
Broke on our eager ears and startled us,
Whereat the hardier veterans cursed aloud.

Midnight had passed and I lay wakeful still,
When Paul arose and sat upon the sward.
He said: “I cannot sleep; unbidden thoughts
That will not down crowd on my restless brain.
Captain, I know not how, but still I know
That I shall see but one more sunrise. Morn
Will bring the clash of arms,—to-morrow’s sun
Will look upon unnumbered ghastly heaps
And withered ranks of dead and dying men,
And ere it sink beyond the western hills
Up from this field shall roll a mighty shout

Victorious, echoed wide o'er land and sea,
Proclaiming joy to freemen everywhere.
And I shall fall. I cannot tell you how
I know it—but I feel it in my soul.
I pray that death may spare me till I hear
Our shout of '*Victory!*' rolling o'er these hills
With '*Hail Columbia!*' from our bugle-horns;—
Then will I lay me down and die in peace."

I lightly said,—“Sheer superstition, Paul ;
I'll wager a month's pay you'll live to fight
A dozen battles yet. They ill become
A gallant soldier on the battle field—
Such grandam superstitions. You have fought
Ever like a hero,—do you falter now?”

“Captain,” he said, “I shall not falter now,—
But gladlier will I hail the rising sun.
Death has no terror for a heart-forlorn.
Say what you may and call it what you will—
I know that I shall fall to rise no more

Before the sun-set of the coming day.
If this be superstition—still I know ;
If this be fear it will not hold me back.”
I answered :

“ Paul, I hope this prophecy
Will prove you a false prophet ; but, my boy,
Have you no farewells for your friends at home ?
No message for a nearer, dearer one ? ”

“ None ; there is none I knew in brighter days
Knows where or what I am, So let it be.
If there be those—not many—who may care
For one who cares so little for himself,
Surely my soldier-name in the gazette
Among the killed will bring no pang to them.”
And then he laid himself upon the sward ;
Perhaps he slept,—I know not, for fatigue
O’ercame me and I slept.

The picket guns
At random firing wakened me. The morn

Blushed in the east and sat upon the hills,
While clouds of smoke filled all the narrow vales.
Blood-red as risen from a sea of blood,
The tardy sun as if in dread arose,
And hid his face in the uplifting smoke.
As when pale Luna, envious of the glow
And gleam and glory of the god of day,
Creeps in by stealth between the earth and him,
Eclipsing all his glory, and the green
Of hills and dales is changed to yellowish dun,
So fell the strange and lurid light of morn.
And as I gazed I heard the hunger-cries
Of vultures circling on their dusky wings
Above the smoke-filled valley ; then they plunged
To gorge themselves upon the slaughter-heaps,
As at that Buddhist temple in Siam
Whereto the hideous vultures flock to feast
With famished dogs upon the pauper dead.

The day wore on. Two mighty armies stood
Defiant,—watching,—dreading to assault ;
Each hoping that the other would assault

And madly dash against its glittering steel.
As in the jungles of the Chambezè,—
Glaring defiance with their fiery eyes,—
Two tawny lions—rival monarchs—meet
And fright the forest with their horrid roar ;
But ere they close in bloody combat, crouch
And wait and watch for vantage in attack ;
So on their trenchèd hills the hostile hosts
Waited and watched for vantage in the fight.
Noon came. The fire of pickets died away.
All eyes were turned to Seminary Ridge,
For lo our sullen foemen—park on park—
Had massed their grim artillery on our corps.
Hoarse voices sunk to whispers or were hushed ;
The rugged hills stood listening in awe ;
So dread the ominous silence that I heard
The hearts of soldiers throbbing along the line.

Up from a battery curled a cloud of smoke,
Shrieked o'er our heads a solitary shell ;—
Then instantly in horrid concert roared
Two hundred cannon on the frowning hills—

Hurling their awful thunderbolts—and then
An hundred bellowing canon from our lines
Thundered their iron answer. Horrible
Rolled in the heavens the infernal thunders,—rolled
From hill to hill the reverberating roar,
As if the earth were bursting with the throes
Of some vast pent volcano ; rocked and reeled,
As in an earthquake-shock the solid hills ;
Anon huge fragments of the hillside rocks,
And limbs and splinters of shot-shattered trees
Danced in the smoke like demons ; hissed and
howled

The crashing shell-storm bursting over us.
Prone on the earth awaiting the grand charge,
To which we knew the heavy cannonade
Was but a prelude, for two hours we lay,
And many a brave man never rose again.
Then ceased our guns to swell the infernal roar ;
The rolling crash of cannon in our front
Lulled, and we heard the foeman's bugle-calls.
Lo from the crest of Seminary Ridge
Poured down the storming columns of the foe.
As when the rain-clouds from the verge of heaven

Arc gathered by the four contending winds,
And whirled and swirled until they meet and clash
Above the hills and burst—down pours a sea,
And plunges roaring down the rocky glens,
So poured the surging columns of our foes
Adown the slopes and spread along the vale
In glittering ranks of battle—line on line
Mile-long. Arose their furious battle cries
Above the roar of cannon.

They advance.

Before them swarm the skillful skirmishers;
A fearless chieftan leads the eager host;
He right and left his fiery charger wheels,
And points with gleaming sabre to our lines.
As 'mid the myriad twinkling stars of heaven
Flashes the blazing comet, and a column
Of fiery fury follows it, so flashed
The dauntless chief, so followed his wild host.

We waited grim and silent till they crossed
The valley and began the dread ascent.

Then brazen bugles rang the clarion call,—
Arose as one twice twenty thousand men,
And all our hill-tops blazed with crackling fire.
With sudden crash and simultaneous roar,
An hundred canon opened instantly,
And all the vast hills shuddered under us.
Yelling their mad defiance to our fire
Still on and upward came our furious foes.
As when upon the wooded mountain-side
The unchained *Loki riots and the winds
Of an autumnal tempest lash the flames,
Whirling the burning fragments through the air—
Huge blazing limbs and tops of blasted pines,
Mowing wide swaths with circling scythes of fire,
So fell our fire upon the advancing host,
And lashed their ranks and mowed them into heaps,
Cleaving broad avenues of death. Still on
And up they come undaunted, closing up
The ghastly gaps and firing as they come.
As if protected by the shield of Heaven,
Rides at their head their gallant leader still ;
The tempest drowns his voice,—his flaming sword

*Norse fire-fiend.

Gleams in the flash of rifles. One wild yell,
Swelled by ten thousand hideous voices, rings
Along the slope like the fierce hungry-howl
Of famished wolves upon the bison's track,
And through the battle-cloud the bravest burst;
They plant their tattered banner on our works;
Thunders their shout of victory! Appalled,
Our serried ranks are broken,—but in vain!
On either hand our cannon enfilade,
And pour their iron storms of canister;
In front our deadly rifles volley still,
And mow the toppling swaths of mangled men.
Behold they falter!—now they break!—they fly!
Leap to the charge our eager infantry,
With cheers that echo on the vault of heaven!
We press them headlong down the bloody hill;
They break in wild disorder, cast away
Their arms and fly in panic. All the vale
Is spread with slaughter and wild fugitives.
Wide o'er the field the scattered foeman fly;
Dread havoc and mad terror swift pursue
Till battle is but slaughter. Thousands fall—
Thousands surrender, and the Southern flag
Is trailed upon the field.

The day was ours,
And well we knew the worth of victory.
Loud rolled the rounds of cheers from corps to
corps ;
Comrades embraced each other ; iron men
Shed tears of joy like women ; men profane
Fell on their knees and thanked Almighty God.
Then "*Hail Columbia !*" rang the brazen horns,
And all the hill-tops shouted unto heaven ;
The weikin shouted to the shouting hills,—
And heavens and hill-tops shouted "*Victory !*"

Night with her pall had wrapped the bloody field.
The remnants of my gallant company
Were gathered and encamped upon the hill.
Paul was not with them, and they could not tell
Aught of him. I had seen him in the fight
Bravest of all the brave. I saw him last
When first the foremost foeman reached our works,
Thrusting them off with bloody bayonet,
And shouting to his comrades, "*Steady, men !*"
Sadly I wandered back where we had met

The onset of the foe. The rounds of cheers
Repeated oft still swept from corps to corps,
And as I passed along the line I saw
Our wounded soldiers raise their weary heads,
And cheer with feeble voices. Even in death
The cry of victory warmed their hearts again.
Paul lay upon the ground where he had fought,
Fast by the flag that floated on the line.
He slept,—or seemed to sleep, but on his brow
Sat such a deadly palor that I feared
My Paul would never march and fight again.
I raised his head,—he woke as from a dream ;
I said, “ Be quiet,—you are badly hurt ;
I’ll call a surgeon ; we will dress your wound.”
He gravely said :

“ ’Tis vain ; for I have done
With camp and march and battle. Ere the dawn
Shall I be mustered out of your command,
And mustered into the Grand Army of Heaven.”

I sought a surgeon on the field and found ;
With me he came and opened the bloody blouse.

Felt the dull pulse and sagely shook his head.
A musket ball had done its deathly work ;
There was no hope, he said, the man might live
A day—or two,—but had no need of him.
I called his comrades and we carried him
Upon his blankets softly to our camp,
And laid him by the camp-fire. As the light
Fell on Paul's face he took my hand and said:

PAULINE.

PART II.

“ Captain ; I hear the cheers. My soul is glad.
My days are numbered, but this glorious day—
Like some far beacon on a shadowy cape
That guides and cheers the storm-belabored ships,
When midnight tempests lash the seething sea,
Will light the misty ages from afar.
This field shall be the Mecca. Here shall rise
A holier than the Caaba where men kiss
The sacred stone that flaming fell from heaven.
But O how many sad and broken hearts
Will mourn the loved ones never to return !
Thank God—no heart will hope for my return !
Thank God—no heart will mourn because I die !
Captain ; at life’s mid-summer flush and glow

For him to die who leaves his golden hopes,
His mourning friends and idol-love behind,
It must be hard and seem a cruel thing.
After the victory—upon this field—
For me to die hath more of peace than pain ;
For I shall leave no golden hopes behind,
No idol-love to pine because I die,
No friends to wait my coming or to mourn ;—
They wait my coming in the world-to-be ;
And wait not long, for I am almost there.
'Tis but a gasp—and I shall pass the bound
'Twixt life and death,—through death to life again—
Elysian life eternal. Pangs and pains
Of flesh or spirit will not pierce me there ;
And two will greet me from the jasper walls—
God's angels—with a song of holy peace,
And haste to meet me at the pearly gate,
And kiss the death-damp from my silent lips,
And lead me through the golden avenues—
Singing Hosanna—to the Great White Throne."

So there he paused and calmly closed his eyes,
And silently I sat and held his hand.

After a time, when we were left alone,
He spoke again with calmer voice and said :
" Captain ; you oft have asked my history,
And I as oft refused. There is no cause
Why I should longer hold it from my friend
Who reads the closing chapter. It may teach
One soul to lean upon the arm of Christ,—
That hope and happiness find anchorage
Only in heaven. While my lonesome life
Saw death but dimly in the dull distance
My lips were sealed to the unhappy tale.
I was ambitious in my boyhood days,
And dreamed of fame and honors—misty fogs
That climb at morn the rugged cliff of life,
Veiling the ragged rocks and gloomy chasms,
And shaping airy castles on the top
With bristling battlements and looming towers,
But melt away into ethereal air
Beneath the blaze of the midsummer sun,
Till all the chasms and the ragged rocks
Are bare,—and all the castles crumbled away.

“ There winds a river ’twixt two chains of hills—
Fir-capped and rugged monuments of time ;
A narrow vale of rich alluvial land,
Washed from the slopes through circling centuries,
And sweet with clover and the hum of bees,
Lies fair between the rugged, somber hills.
Beneath a shade of willows and of elms
The river slumbers in this meadowy lap.
Down from the right there winds a babbling branch,
Cleaving a narrower valley through the hills,
And blends its waters with the greater stream
Around an island clad with clambering vines.
A grand bald-headed hill-cone on the right
Looms like a patriarch, and above the branch
There towers another. I have seen the day
When those bald-heads were plumed with lofty pines.
Below the branch and near the river-bank,
Hidden among the elms and butternuts,
The dear old cottage stands where I was born.
An English ivy clammers to the eaves,
A willow planted by my boyish hand
Now spreads its golden branches o’er the roof.
Not far below the cottage thrives a town,

A busy town of mills and merchandise—
Francesca,—thriftiest village of the vale.
Behind it looms the hill-cone, and in front
The peaceful river tumbles o'er a dam.
Beyond the river spreads a level plain—
Once hid with somber firs—a tangled marsh,—
Now beautiful with field and cottages,
And sweet in spring-time with the blooming plum,
And white with apple-blossoms blown like snow.
Beyond the plain a lower chain of hills,
In summer gemmed with fields of golden grain
Set in the emerald of the beechen woods.
In other days the village school-house stood
Below our cottage on a grassy mound
That sloped away unto the river's marge;
And on the slope a cluster of tall pines
Crowning a copse of beech and evergreen.
There in my boyhood days I went to school;
A maiden mistress ruled the little realm;
She taught the rudiments to rompish rogues,
And walked a queen with magic wand of birch.
My years were hardly ten when father died.
Sole tenants of our humble cottage home

My sorrowing mother and myself remained.
But she was all economy, and kept
With my poor aid a comfortable house.
I was her idol and she wrought at night
To keep me at my books, and used to boast
That I should rise above our humble lot.
How oft I listened to her hopeful words—
Poured from the fountain of a mother's heart,—
Until I longed to wing the sluggard years
That bore me on to what I hoped to be.

“We had a garden plat behind the house,—
Beyond,—an orchard and a pasture-lot ;
In front a narrow meadow—here and there
Shaded with elms and branching butternuts.
In spring and summer in the garden-plat
I wrought my morning and my evening hours,
And kept myself at school—no idle boy.

“One morning in the sultry summer days
There came to school a stranger queenly fair,
With eyes that shamed the ethereal blue of heaven,

And golden hair in ringlets,—cheeks as soft,
As fresh and rosy as the vermil-blush
Of summer-sunrise on the dew-damp hills.
Hers was the name I muttered in my dreams.
For days my bashful heart kept me aloof,
Although her senior by a single year;
But we were brought together oft in class,
And when she learned my name she spoke to me,
And then my tongue was loosed and we were friends.
Before the advent of the iron-horse
Her sire—a shrewd and calculating man—
Had lately come and purchased timbered-lands
And idle mills and made the town his home.
And he was well-to-do and growing rich,
And she her father's pet and only child.
In mind and stature for two happy years
We grew together at the village school.
We grew together!—aye, our fresh young hearts
There grew together till they beat as one.
Her tasks were mine, and mine alike were hers;
We often stole away among the pines—
That stately cluster on the sloping hill—
And conned our lessons from the selfsame book,

And learned to love each other o'er our tasks,
While in the pine-tops piped the oriole,
And from his beech the chattering squirrel chid
Our guileless love and artless innocence.
'Twas childish love perhaps, but day by day
It grew into our souls as we grew up.
Then there was opened in the prospering town
A higher school, and thither went Pauline.
I missed her and was sad for many a day,
Till mother gave me leave to follow her.
In autumn—in vacation—she would come
With girlish pretence to our cottage home.
She often brought my mother little gifts,
And cheered her with sweet songs and happy words;
And I would pluck the fairest meadow-flowers
To grace the golden ringlets of her hair,
And fill her basket from the butternuts
That flourished in our little meadow-field.
I found in her all I had dreamed of Heaven.
So garlanded with latest-blooming flowers,
Chanting the mellow music of our hopes,
The silver-sandaled Autumn-hours tripped by;
And mother learned to love her; but she feared,

Knowing her heart and mine, that one rude hand
Might break our hopes asunder. Like a thief
I often crept about her father's house,
Under the evening shadows eager-eyed,
Peering for one dear face, and lingered late
To catch the silver music of one voice
That from her chamber nightly rose to heaven.
Her father's face I feared,—a silent man,
Cold-faced, imperative, by nature prone
To set his will against the beating world;
Warm-hearted, but heart-crusted.

“Two years more
Thus wore away. Pauline grew up a queen.
A shadow fell across my sunny path;—
A hectic flush burned on my mother's cheeks;
She daily failed and nearer drew to death.
Pauline would often come with sun-lit face,
And cheat the day of half its languid hours
With cheering chapters from the holy book,
Historic tales and sacred songs of old;
And mother loved her all the better for it.
With feeble hands upon our sad-bowed heads,

And in a voice all tremulous with tears,
She said to us: 'Dear children, love each other,—
Bear and forbear, and come to me in Heaven;'
And praying for us daily—drooped and died.

"After the sad and solemn funeral,
Alone and weeping and disconsolate,
I sat at evening by the cottage door.
I felt as if a dark and bitter fate
Had fallen on me in my tender years.
I seemed an aimless wanderer doomed to grope
In vain among the darkling years and die.
One only star shone through the shadowy mists.
The moon that wandered in the gloomy heavens
Was robed in shrouds; the rugged, looming hills
Looked desolate;—the silent river seemed
A somber chasm, while my own pet lamb,
Mourning disconsolate among the trees,
As if he followed some dim phantom-form,
Bleated in vain and would not heed my call.
On weary hands I bent my weary head,
And lost myself in sad and bitter dreams.

“An angel’s hand was laid upon my head,—
There in the moonlight stood my own Pauline—
Angel of love and hope and holy faith—
She flashed upon my dreamy reverie
As falls the meteor down the night-clad heavens—
In silence. Then about my neck she clasped
Her loving arms and on my shoulder laid
Her golden tresses, while her silent tears
Fell warm upon my cheek like summer rain.
Heart clasped to heart and cheek to cheek we sat;
The moon no longer gloomed,—her face was cheer;
The rugged hills were old-time friends again;
The peaceful river slept beneath the moon,
And my pet lamb came bounding to our side
And kissed her hand and mine as he was wont.
Then I awoke as from a dream and said:
‘Tell me, belovèd, why you come to me
In this dark hour—so late—so desolate?’
And she replied:

“‘My darling, can I rest
While you are full of sorrow? In my ear

A spirit seemed to say—‘Arise and go
To comfort him disconsolate.’ Tell me, Paul,
Why should you mourn your tender life away?
I will be mother to you; nay, dear boy,
I will be more. Come brush away these tears.’

“My heart was full; I kissed her anxious face:
‘You are an angel sent by one in Heaven,’
I said, ‘to heal my heart, but I have lost
More than you know. The cruel hand of death
Hath left me orphan, friendless,—poor indeed,
Saving the precious jewel of your love.
And what to do; I know not what to do,
I feel so broken by a heavy hand.
My mother hoped that I would work my way
To competence and honor at the bar.
But shall I toil in poverty for years
To learn a science that so seldom yields
Or wealth or honor save to silvered heads?
I know this path to fame and fortune leads
Through thorny brambles over ragged rocks;
But can I follow in the common path
Trodden by the millions, never to lift my head

Above the busy hordes that delve and drudge
For bare existence in this bitter world,—
And be a mite,—a midge,—a worthless worm,
No more distinguished from the common mass
Than one poor polyp in the coral isle
Is marked amid the myriads teeming there?
Yet 'tis not for myself. For you, Pauline,
Upon the slippery heights of wealth and fame
Would I climb bravely, but if I would climb
By any art or science, I must train
Unto the task my feet for many years,
Else I should slip and fall from rugged ways,
Too badly bruised to ever mount again.'
Then she :

“ ‘O Paul, if wealth were mine to give!
O if my father could but know my heart!
But fear not, Paul, our *Father* reigns in Heaven.
Follow your bent—'twill lead you out aright;
The highest mountain lessens as we climb;
Persistent courage wins the smile of fate.
Apply yourself to law and master it,

And I will wait. This sad and solemn hour
Is dark with doubt and gloom, but by and by
The clouds will lift and you will see God's face.
For there is one in Heaven whose pleading tongue
Will pray for blessings on her only son
Of Him who heeds the little sparrow's fall ;—
And O if He will listen to my prayers,
The gates of Heaven shall echo to my voice
Morning and evening,—only keep your heart.'
I said :

“ Pauline, your prayers had rolled away
The solid stone that close the tomb of Christ ;
And while they rise to heaven for my success
I cannot doubt, or I should doubt my God.
I think I see a pathway through this gloom ;
I have a kinsman—and I told her where,—
A lawyer ; I have heard my mother say—
A self-made man with charitable heart ;
And I might go and study under him ;
I think he would assist me.'

“ Then she sighed :
‘ Paul, can you leave me? You may study here ;
And here you are among your boyhood friends,
And here I should be near to cheer you on.’

“ I promised her that I would think of it,—
Would see what prospect offered in the town ;
And then we walked together half-embraced,
But when we neared her vine-arched garden gate,
She bade me stay and kissed me a good-night,
And bounded through the moonlight like a fawn.
I watched her till she flitted from my sight,
Then slowly homeward turned my lingering steps.
I wrote my kinsman on the morrow morn,
And broached my project to a worthy man
Who kept an office and a case of books—
An honest lawyer. People called him learn’d,
But wanting tact and ready speech he failed.
The rest were pettifoggers,—scurrilous rogues
Who plied the village justice with their lies,
And garbled law to suit the case in hand ;—
Mean, querulous, small-brained delvers in the mire

Of men's misfortunes—crafty, cunning knaves,
Bearing the title '*Counsellor*,' that schemed
To keep the evil natures of bad men
In petty wars, and plied their tongues profane
With cunning words to argue honest fools
Into their silken meshes to be fleeced.
I laid my case before him ; took advice—
Well-meant advice—to leave my native town
And study with my kinsman whom he knew.
A week rolled round and brought me a reply—
A frank and kindly letter—giving me
That which I needed most—encouragement.
But hard it was to fix my mind to go ;
For in my heart an angel whispered ' stay.'
It might be better for my after years,
And yet perhaps, 'twere better to remain.
I balanced betwixt my reason and my heart,
And hesitated. Her I had not seen
Since that sad night, and so I made resolve
That we should meet and at her father's house.
I whispered courage to my boyish heart
And went. With happy greetings at the door
She met me, but she looked so wan, so pale,

So worn with care I feared that she was ill.
I read the letter to her, and she sighed,
And sat in silence for a little time,
Then said :

“ ‘ God bless you, Paul, may be ’tis best,—
I sometimes feel it is not for the best,
But I am selfish—thinking of myself.
Go like a man, but keep your boyish heart,—
Your boyish heart is all the world to me.
Remember, Paul, how I shall watch and wait ;
O write me often ; like the dew of heaven
To withering flowers will come your cheering words.
To know that you are well and happy, Paul,
And good and true, will wing the weary days.
And let me beg you as a sister would,—
Not that I doubt you, but because I love,—
Beware of wine,—touch not the treacherous cup,
And guard your honor as you guard your life.
The years will glide away like scudding clouds
That fleetly chase each other o’er the hills,
And you will be a man before you know,

And I shall be a woman. God will crown
Our dearest hopes if we but trust in Him.'

"We sat in silence for a little time,
And she was weeping, so I raised her face
And kissed away her tears. She softly said:
'Paul, there is something I must say to you,—
Something I have no time to tell you now;
But we must meet again before you go—
Beneath the pines where we so oft have met.
Be this the sign,'—(She waved her graceful hand)
'Come when the weary world has gone to rest
And silent stars stand sentinel in heaven;
Now Paul, forgive me,—I must go,—good-bye.'

"I read her fear upon her anxious brow,
But clasped her in my arms with fond embrace,
And gazed into the depths of her blue eyes.
Just then her frowning father blustered in,
And caught us blushing in each others arms.
He stood a moment silent and amazed;

Then kindling wrath distorted all his face,
He showered his anger with a tongue of fire.
O cruel words that stung my boyish pride!
O barbèd words that pierced my very soul!
I strove, but fury mastered,—up I leaped,
And felt a giant as I stood before him.
My breath was hot with anger ;—impious boy,—
Frenzied,—forgetful of his silvered hairs,—
Forgetful of her presence, too, I raved,
And poured a madman's curses on his head.
A moan of anguish brought me to myself,
And, as I turned and saw her saddened face,
Tears quenched the raging fury in my heart.
I kissed her hand and passed into the hall,
While she stood sobbing in a flood of tears,
And he stood choked with anger and amazed.
Then as I passed the outer door he came
With bated breath and muttered in my ear—
' *Beggar !* '—It stung me like a serpent's fang.
Pride-pricked and muttering like a maniac,
I almost flew the street and hurried home
To vent my anger to the silent elms.
' *Beggar !* '—an hundred times that frenzied night

I muttered with hot lips and burning breath ;
I paced the walk with hurried tread and raved ;
I threw myself beneath the willow-tree,
And muttered like the muttering of a storm.
My little lamb came bleating mournfully ;
Angered I struck him ;—out among the trees
I wandered mumbling ‘*beggar*’ as I went,
And beating in through all my burning soul
The bitter thoughts it conjured, till my brain
Reeled and I sunk upon the dew-damp grass,
And—utterly exhausted—slept till morn.

“ I dreamed a dream—all myth and mystery.
I saw a sunlit valley beautiful
With purple vineyards and with garden-plats ;
And in the vineyards and the garden -plats
Were happy-hearted youths and merry girls
Toiling and singing. Grandsires too were there,
Sitting contented under their own vines
And fig-trees, while about them merrily played
Their children’s children like the sportive lambs
That frolicked on the foot-hills. Low of kine,

Full-uddered, homeward-wending from the meads,
Fell on the ear as soft as Hulder's loor
Tuned on the Norse-land mountains. Like a nest
Hid in a hawthorn-hedge a cottage stood
Embowered with vines beneath broad-branching
 elms
Sweet-voiced with busy bees.

“On either hand
Rose steep and barren mountains—mighty cliffs
Craggèd and chasm'd and over-grown with thorns;
And on the topmost peak a golden throne
Blazoned with burning characters which read—
‘Climb!—it is yours.’ Not far above the vale
I saw a youth fair-browed and raven-haired
Clambering among the thorns and ragged rocks;
And from his brow with torn and bleeding hand
He wiped great drops of sweat. Down through the
 vale
I saw a rapid river, broad and deep,
Winding in solemn silence to the sea,—
The sea all mist and fog. Lo, as I stood

Viewing the river and the moaning sea,
A sail—and then another—flitted down
And plunged into the mist. A moment more,
Like shapeless shadows of the by-gone years,
I saw them in the mist and they were gone,—
Gone,—and the sea moaned on and seemed to say—
‘Gone—and forever!’—So I gladly turned
To look upon the throne—the blazoned throne
That sat upon the everlasting cliff.
The throne had vanished!—Lo, where it had stood,
A bed of ashes and a gray-haired man
Sitting upon it bowed and broken down.
And so the vision passed.

“The rising sun
Beamed full upon my face and wakened me,
And there beside me lay my pet—the lamb—
Gazing upon me with wondrous eyes,
And all the fields were bright and beautiful,
And brighter seemed the world. I rose resolved.
I let the cottage and disposed of all;
The lamb went bleating to a neighbor’s field;

And oft my heart ached, but I mastered it.
This was the constant burden of my brain,—
‘*Beggar !*’—I’ll teach him that I am a man ;
I’ll speak and he shall listen ; I will rise,
And he shall see my course as I go up
Round after round the ladder of success.
Even as the pine upon the mountain-top
Towers o’er the maple on the mountain-side,
I’ll tower above him. Then will I look down,
And call him *Father* ;—He shall call me *Son*.

“ Thus hushing my sad heart the day drew nigh
Of parting and the promised sign was given.
The night was dismal darkness,—not one star
Twinkled in heaven ; the sad, low-moaning wind
Played like a mournful harp among the pines.
I groped and listened through the darkling grove,
Peering with eager eyes among the trees,
And calling as I peered with anxious voice
One darling name. No answer but the moan
Of the wind-shaken pines. I sat me down
Under the dusky shadows waiting for her,

And lost myself in gloomy reverie.
Dim in the darkling shadows of the night,
While thus I dreamed, my darling came and crept
Beneath the boughs as softly as a hare,
And whispered ' Paul '—and I was at her side.
We sat upon a mound moss-carpeted,—
No eyes but God's upon us, and no voice
Spoke to us save the moaning of the pines.
Few were the words we spoke ; our silent tears,
Our trembling, lingering, mutual embrace,
Were more than words. Into one anxious hour,
Were pressed the hopes and bitter dread of years.
Two trusting hearts that only dared to hope
There swelled and throbbed to the electric touch
Of love as holy as the love of Christ.
She gave her picture and I gave a ring—
My mother's,—almost with her latest breath
She gave it me and breathed my darling's name.
I girt her finger, and she kissed the ring
In solemn pledge, and said :

“ ‘ I bring a gift—
The priceless gift of God to sorrowing souls :

O may it prove a precious gift to you,
As it has proved a precious gift to me ;
And promise me to read it day by day,—
Beginning on the morrow—every day
A chapter and I too will read the same.’

“ I took the gift—a precious gift indeed,—
And you may see how I have treasured it.
Here, Captain, put your hand upon my breast,—
An inner pocket,—you will find it there.

I opened the bloody blouse and thence drew forth
The Book of Christ all stained with Christian blood.
He laid his hand upon the holy book,
And closed his eyes as if in silent prayer.
I held his weary head and bade him rest.
He lay a moment silent and resumed :
“ Let me go on if you would hear the tale ;
I soon shall sleep to wake and speak no more.
O there were promises and vows as solemn
As Christ’s own promises ; but as we sat

The pattering rain-drops fell among the pines,
And in the branches the foreboding owl
With dismal hooting hailed the coming storm.
So in that dreary hour and desolate
We parted in the silence of our tears.

“ And on the morrow morn I bade adieu
To the old cottage home I loved so well.
Then from my mother’s grave I plucked a rose
Bursting in bloom,—Pauline had planted it,—
And left my little hill-girt boyhood world.
I journeyed eastward to my journey’s end ;
At first by rail for many a flying mile,
By mail-coach thence from where the hurrying train
Leaps o’er a river that goes tumbling on
Between a village and a mountain-ledge,
Chafing its rocky banks. There seeths and foams
The restless river round the roaring rocks,
And then flows on a little way and pours
Its laughing waters into a bridal lap.
Its flood is fountain-fed among the hills ;
Far up the mossy brooks the timid trout

Lie in the shadows of vine-tangled elms.
Out from the village-green the roadway leads
Along the river up between the hills,
Then climbs a wooded mountain to its top,
And gently winds adown the farther side
Unto a valley where the bridal stream
Flows rippling, meadow-flower-and-willow-fringed,
And dancing onward with a merry song,
Hastes to the nuptials. From the mountain-top—
A thousand feet above the meadowy vale—
She seems a chain of fretted silver wound
With artless art among the emerald hills.
Thence up a winding valley of grand views,—
Hill-guarded,—firs and rocks upon the hills,
And here and there a solitary pine,
Majestic—silent—mourns its slaughtered kin,
Like the last warrior of some tawny tribe
Returned from sun-set mountains to behold
Once more the spot where his brave kindred sleep
The farms along the valley stretch away
On either hand upon the rugged hills—
Walled into fields. Tall elms and willow-trees,
Huge-trunked and ivy-hung stand sentinel

Along the roadway walls,—storm-wrinkled trees
Planted by men who slumber on the hills.
Amid such scenes all day we rolled along,
And as the shadows of the western hills
Across the valley crept and climbed the slopes
The sun-set blazed their hazy tops and fell
Upon the emerald like a mist of gold.
And at that hour I reached my journey's end.
The village is a gem among the hills—
Tall, towering hills that reach into the blue.
One grand old mountain-cone looms on the left
Far up toward heaven, and all around are hills.
The river winds among the leafy hills
Adown the meadowy dale; a shade of elms
And willows fringe it. In this lap of hills
Cluster the happy homes of men content
To let the great world bustle as it will.
The court-house park, the broad, delightful streets
Are avenues of maples and of elms—
Grandeur than Tadmor's pillared avenue
Through which the proud Zenobia's legions poured
To meet the Romans on the desert-plain.
Beautiful villas, tidy cottages,

Flower-gardens, fountains, offices and shops
All nestle in a dreamy wealth of woods.

“ Kind hearts received me. All that wealth could
bring—

Refinement, luxury and ease—was theirs ;
But I was proud and felt my poverty,
And gladly mured myself among the books
To master ‘ the lawless science of law.’
I waded through the dry and heavy tomes—
Some musty with the mildew of old age ;
And these I found the better for their years,
Like olden wine from cobweb-covered casks.
The blush of sunrise found me at my books ;
The midnight cock-crow caught me reading still ;
And oft my worthy master censured me ;
‘ A time for work,’ he said, ‘ a time for play ;
Unbend the bow or else the bow will break.’
But when I wearied—needing sleep and rest—
A single word seemed whispered in my ear—
‘ *Beggar,*’ it stung me to re-doubled toil.
I trode the oft-times mazy labyrinths

Of legal logic,—mined the mountain-mass
Of precedents conflicting,—found the rule,
Then branched into the exceptions ; split the hair
Betwixt this case and that,—ran parallels,—
Traced from a ‘leading case’ through many tomes
Back to the first decision on the ‘point,’
And often found a pyramid of law
Built with bad logic on a broken base
Of careless ‘*dicta* ;’—saw how narrow minds
Spun out the web of technicalities
Till common sense and common equity
Were smothered in its meshes. · Here and there
I came upon a broad, unfettered mind
Like Murray’s—cleaving through the spider-webs
Of shallower brains, and bravely pushing out
Upon the open sea of common sense.
But such were rare. The olden precedents—
Oft stepping-stones of tyranny and wrong—
Marked easy paths to follow, and they ruled
The course of reason as the iron rails
Rule the swift wheels of the down-thundering train. ·

“ I rose at dawn. First in this holy book
I read my chapter. How the happy thought
That my Pauline would read—the self-same morn—
The self-same chapter gave the sacred text,
Though I had heard my mother read it oft,
New light and import never seen before.
For I would ponder over every verse,
Because I felt that she was reading it,
And when I came upon dear promises
Of Christ to man, I read them o’er and o’er,
Till in a holy and mysterious way
They seemed the whisperings of Pauline to me.
Later I learned to lay up for myself
‘ Treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust
Corrupteth, and where thieves do not break through,
Nor steal’—and where my treasures all are laid
My heart is, and my spirit longs to go.
O friend, if Jesus was but man of man,—
And if indeed his mighty miracles
Were mythic tales of priestly followers
To chain the brute till Reason came from Heaven,
Yet was his mission unto man divine.
Man’s pity wounds, but Jesus’ pity heals.

He taught us love above the low desires,—
He taught us hope beyond all earthly hope,—
He taught us charity wherewith to build
From out the broken walls of barbarism,
The holy temple of the perfect man.

“ On every Sabbath-eve I wrote Pauline.
Page after page was burdened with my love,
My glowing hopes of golden days to come,
And frequent boast of rapid progress made.
With hungry heart and eager I devoured
Her letters; I re-read them twenty times.
At morning when I laid the Gospel down
I read her latest answer, and again
At midnight by my lamp I read it o'er,
And murmuring ‘ God bless her,’ fell asleep
To dream that I was with her under the pines.

“ Thus fled four years—four years of patient toil
Sweetened with love and hope, and I had made
Swift progress in my studies. Master said

Another year should bring me to the bar,—
No fledgeling but full-feathered for the field.
And then her letters ceased. I wrote and wrote
Again, but still no answer. Day after day
The tardy mail-coach lagged a mortal hour,
As I sat listening for its welcome horn ;
And when it came I hastened from my books
While hope and fear contended ; but, alas,
Day after day,—no answer,—back again
I turned my footsteps with a weary sigh.
It wore upon me and I found no rest.
The heavy tomes grew dull and wearisome,
And sometimes hateful ;—then I broke away
As from a prison and rushed wildly out
Among the elms along the river-bank,—
Baring my burning temples to the breeze,—
And drank the air of heaven like sparkling wine,—
Conjuring excuses for her ;—was she ill ?
Perhaps forbidden. Had another heart
Come in between us ?—No, that could not be ;
She was all constancy and promise-bound.
A month, which seemed to me a laggard year,
Thus wore away, At last a letter came.

With what elastic step I hurried back—
Back to my private chamber and my desk!
With what delight—what eager, trembling hand—
The well known seal that held my hopes I broke!
Thus ran the letter:

“ ‘ Paul the time has come
When we must both forgive while we forget
Each other and our artless early love.
Mine was a girlish fancy. We out-grow
Such childish follies in our later years.
I hope you will not take it as offence,
But I have pondered well and made an end.
I cannot wed myself to want, and curse
My after-life, because a girlish freak
Of folly made a promise. So,—farewell.’ ”

“ My eyes were blind with passion as I read.
I tore the letter into bits and tramped
Upon them, ground my teeth and cursed the day
I met her to be jilted. All that night

My thoughts ran riot. Round the room I strode,
At times as savage as a painted Sioux;
Then flung myself upon my couch in tears,
And wept in silence, and then stormed again.
'*Beggar!*'—it raised the serpent in my breast—
Mad pride—bat-blind. I seized her pictured face
And ground it under my heel. With impious hand
I caught the book—the precious gift she gave,
And would have burned it, but that still small voice
Spoke in my heart and bade me spare the book.

"Then with this Gospel clutched in both my hands,
I swore a solemn oath that I would rise,
If God would spare me;—she should see me rise,
And learn what she had lost.—Yes, I would mount
Merely to be revenged. I would not cringe
Down like a spaniel underneath the lash,
But like a man would teach my proud Pauline
And her hard father to repent the day
They called me '*beggar.*' Thus I raved and stormed
That mad night out;—forgot at dawn of morn
This holy book, but fell to a huge tome

And read two hundred pages in a day.
I could not keep the thread of argument ;
I could not hold my mind upon the book ;
I could not break the silent under-tow
That swept all else from out my dreamy brain
But false Pauline. I read from morn till night,
But having closed the book I could not tell
Aught of its contents. Then I cursed myself,
And muttered—‘ Fool,—can you not shake it off—
This nightmare of your boyhood?—Brave, indeed,—
Crushed like a spaniel by this false Pauline !
Crushed am I?—By the gods, I’ll make an end,
And she shall never know it nettled me !’
So passed the weary days. My cheeks grew thin ;
I needed rest I said, and left my books
To range the fields and hills with fowling-piece
And ‘ *mal prepense* ’ against the feathery flocks.
The pigeons flew from tree-tops o’er my head ;
I heard the flap of wings—and they were gone ;
The pheasant whizzed from bushes at my feet
Unseen until its sudden whiz and whir
Startled and broke my wandering reverie ;
And then I whistled and relapsed to dreams,

Wandering I cared not whither,—wheresoe'er
My silent gun still bore its primal charge.
So gameless, but with cheeks and forehead tinged
By breeze and sun-shine, I returned to books.
But still a phantom haunted all my dreams,—
Awake or sleeping, for awake I dreamed,—
A spectre that I could not chase away—
The phantom-form of my own false Pauline.

“Six months wore off—six long and weary months ;
Then came a letter from a school-boy friend,—
In answer to the queries I had made,—
Filled with the gossip of my native town.
Unto her father's friend—a bachelor,
Her senior by full twenty years at least—
Dame Rumor said Pauline had pledged her hand.
I knew him well—a sly and cunning man,—
A honey-tongued, false-hearted flatterer.
And he my rival—carrying off my prize?
Ah, there were more than seven wonders sure !
But what cared I ? 'twas all the same to me,—
Yea, better for the sweet revenge to come.

So whispered pride, but in my secret heart
I cared, and hoped whatever came to pass
She might be happy all her days on earth,
And find a happy haven at the end.

“ My thoughtful master bade me quit my books
A month at least, for I was wearing out
Much faster than I knew. His watchful eye
Saw toil and care at work upon my cheeks,
And he had seen law-students wear away
With over-work the vigor of their lives.
And so he gave me means and bade me go
To romp a month among my native hills.
I went, but not as I had left my home—
A bashful boy, uncouth and coarsely clad,
But clothed and mannered like a gentleman.

“ My school-boy friend gave me a cordial greeting ;
That honest lawyer bade me welcome, too,
And doted on my progress and the advice
He gave me ere I left my native town.

Since first the iron-horse had coursed the vale
Five years had fled—five prosperous, magic years,
And well nigh five since I had left my home.
These magic years had wrought upon the place
Their wonders till I hardly knew the town.
The broad and stately blocks of brick that shamed
The weather-beaten wooden shops I knew
Seemed the creation of some magic hand.
Adown the river bank the town had stretched,
Sweeping away the quiet grove of pines
Where I had loved to ramble when a boy
And see the squirrels leap from tree to tree
With reckless venture, hazarding a fall
To dodge the ill-aimed arrows from my bow.
The dear old school-house on the hill was gone :
A costly church, tall-spired and built of stone,
Stood in its stead—a monument to man.
The stately pines had fallen by the axe,
And all the slope was bare and desolate.
Old faces had grown older ; some were gone,
And many unfamiliar ones had come.
Boys in their teens had grown to bearded men,
And girls to womanhood, and all was changed,

Save the old cottage-home where I was born.
The elms and butternuts in the meadow-field
Still wore the features of familiar friends ;
The English ivy clambered to the roof,
The golden willow spread its branches still,
And as I stood before the cottage-door
My heart-pulse quickened for methought I heard
My mother's foot-steps on the ashen floor.

“ The rumor I had heard was verified ;
The wedding-day was named and near at hand.
I saw my rival with his smirks and smiles—
Glad as a boy that robs the robin's nest—
Grasping the hands of half the men he met.
Pauline, I heard, but seldom ventured forth ;
Of late ill health her rosy cheeks had paled.
To church she went on every sabbath-morn ;
On other days she mured herself at home,
Save when her doting father took her out
Like some frail flower to breathe the balmy air.
And let the sunbeams kiss her fading cheeks.
The smooth-faced suitor, old dame Gossip said,

Made daily visits to her father's house,
And played the boy at forty years or more,
While she had held him off to draw him on.

“ I would not fawn upon the hand that smote,
I would not cringe beneath its cruel blow,
Nor even let her know I cared for it.
I kept aloof—as proud as Lucifer ;
But when the church-bells chimed on Sabbath morn,
To that proud monument of stone I went,—
Her father's pride, since he had led the list
Of wealthy patrons who had builded it,—
To hear the sermon,—for methought Pauline
Would hear it too. Might I not see her face,
And she not know I cared to look upon it ?
She came not, and the psalms and sermon fell
Upon me like an autumn-mist of rain.
I met her once by chance upon the street—
The day before the appointed wedding-day—
Her and her father,—she upon his arm.
‘ Paul—O Paul ! ’ she said and gave her hand.
I took it with a cold and careless air,—

Begged pardon,—had forgotten,—ah—Pauline?—
Yes, I remembered ;—five long years ago,—
And I had made so many later friends,
And she had lost so much of maiden bloom !
Then turning met her father face to face,
Bowed with cold grace, and haughtily passed on.
' This is revenge,' I muttered. Even then
My heart ached as I thought of her pale face,
Her pleading eyes, her trembling, clasping hand !
And then and there I would have turned about
To beg her pardon and an interview,
But pride—that serpent ever in my heart—
Hissed '*beggar*,' and I cursed her with the lips
That oft had poured my love into her ears.
' She marries gold to-morrow,—let her wed !
She will not wed a beggar, but I think
She'll wed a life long sorrow,—let her wed !
Aye—aye,—I hope she'll curse the fatal day
Whereon she broke her sacred promises.
And I forgive her?—yea, but not forget.
I'll take good care that she shall not forget ;
I'll prick her memory with a bitter thorn
Through all her future. Let her marry gold !'

Thus ran my muttered words, but in my heart
There ran a counter-current ; ere I slept
Its silent under-tow had mastered all—
‘Forgive and be forgiven.’ I resolved
That on the morning of her wedding-day
Would I go kindly and forgive Pauline,
And send her to the altar with my blessing.
That night I read a chapter in this book—
The first for many months, and fell asleep
Beseeching God to bless her.

“Then I dreamed
That we were kneeling at my mother’s bed—
Her death-bed, and the feeble, trembling hands
Of her who loved us rested on our heads,
And in a voice all tremulous with tears
My mother said: ‘Dear children, love each other ;
Bear and forbear, and come to me in Heaven.’

“I wakened once—at midnight,—a wild cry—
‘*Paul, O Paul !*’ rang through my dreams and broke

My slumber. I arose, but all was still,
And then I slept again and dreamed till morn.
In all my dreams her dear, sweet face appeared,—
Now radiant as a star, and now all pale,—
Now glad with smiles and now all wet with tears.
Then came a dream that agonized my soul,
While every limb was bound as if in chains.
Methought I saw her in the silent night
O'er misty waters leaning dark and deep :
A moan,—a plash of waters,—and O Christ !—
Her agonized face upturned,—imploring hands
Stretched out toward me, and a wailing cry—
' *Paul, O Paul !* ' Then head and hands went down
And o'er her closed the deep and dismal flood
Forever,—but it could not drown the cry :
' *Paul, O Paul !* ' was ringing in my ears ;
' *Paul, O Paul !* ' was throbbing in my heart ;
And thrilling, chilling in my shuddering soul
Trembled the agonized wailing—' *Paul, O Paul !* '

“ Then o'er the waters stole the silver dawn,
And lo a fairy-boat with silken sail !

And in the boat an angel at the helm,
And at her feet the form of her I loved.
The white mists parted as the boat sped on
In silence, lessening far and far away.
And then the sun-rise glimmered on the sail
A moment, and the angel turned her face
And beckoned me with outstretched hand to come ;—
My mother !—and I gave a joyful cry,
And stretched my hands, but lo, the hovering mists
Closed in around them, and the vision passed.

“ The morning sun stole through the window-blinds
And fell upon my face and wakened me,
And I lay musing—thinking of Pauline.
Yes, she should know the depths of all my heart,—
The love I bore her all those lonely years ;
The hope that held me steadfast in my toil,
And feel the higher and the holier love
Her precious gift had wakened in my soul.
Yea, I would bless her for that precious gift,—
I had not known its treasures, but for her,
And O for that would I forgive her all,

And bless the hand that broke the sacred pledge.
That would be comfort to me all my days,
And if there came a bitter time to her,
' Twould pain her less to know that I forgave.
A hasty rapping on my chamber-door
Broke of a sudden on my musing mood ;
In came my school-boy friend whose guest I was,
And said :

“ ‘ Come, Paul, the town is all ablaze !
A sad,—a strange,—a marvelous suicide !
Pauline, who was to be a bride to-day,
Was missed at dawn and ere the sunrise found—
Traced by her shawl and bonnet on the bridge,
Whence she had thrown herself and made an end—’

“ And he went on, but I could hear no more ;
It fell upon me like a flash from heaven.
As one with sudden terror dumb, I turned
And in my pillow buried up my face.
Tears came at last, and then my friend passed out

In silence. O the agony of that hour!
O doubts and fears and half-read mysteries
That tore my heart and tortured all my soul!

“ I arose. About the town the wildest tales
And rumors ran ; dame Gossip was agog.
Some said she had been ill and lost her mind,
(Such was the tale her stricken father told)
Some whispered hints, and others shook their heads ;
But none could fathom the marvelous mystery.
Bearing a bitter anguish in my heart,
Half-crazed with doubts and fears, and all at sea,
Hour after hour alone, disconsolate,
Among the scenes where we had wandered oft
I wandered, sat where towered the clustered pines,
The sacred temple where we learned to love
In by-gone days,—the temple rent and fall’n,—
Its sacred floor with wild weeds over-grown
And bramble-hidden. O how sad,—how changed !
Yet chiefly wanting one dear, blushing face,
Which, in those happy days, made every spot
Wherever we might wander—hill or dale—

Picture of peace and love and happiness.
So weary-hearted I returned. My friend
Had brought for me a letter with his mail.
I knew the hand upon the envelope,—
With throbbing heart I hastened to my room ;
With trembling hands I broke the seal and read.
One sheet enclosed another,—one was writ
At midnight by my loved and lost Pauline.
Inclosed within, a letter false and forged,
Signed with my name—such perfect counterfeit,
At sight I would have sworn it was my own.
And thus her letter ran :

“ ‘ Belovèd Paul,
May God forgive you as my heart forgives.
Even as a vine that winds about an oak,
Rot-struck and hollow-hearted, for support,
Clasping the sapless branches as it climbs
With tender tendrils and undoubting faith,
I leaned upon your troth ; nay, all my hopes,—
My love, my life, my very hope of Heaven—
I staked upon your solemn promises.

I learned to love you better than my God;
My God hath sent me bitter punishment.
O broken pledges! what have I to live
And suffer for? Half mad in my distress,
Yielding at last to father's oft request,
I pledged my hand to one whose very love
Would be a curse upon me all my days.
To-morrow is the promised wedding day;
O rather let to-morrow never come!
Come gladlier, death, and make an end of all!
How many weary days and patiently
I waited for a letter, and at last
It came—a message crueler than death.
O take it back!—and if you have a heart
Yet warm to pity her you swore to love,
Read it—and think of those dear promises—
O sacred as the Saviour's promises—
You whispered in my ear that solemn night
Beneath the pines, and kissed away my tears.
And know that I forgive, belovèd Paul:
Meet me in Heaven. God will not frown upon
The sin that saves me from a greater sin,
And sends my weary soul to Him. Farewell.' ”

Here he broke down and wept. Unto his lips
I held a flask of wine. He tasted it,
And closed his eyes in silence for a time,
Resuming thus :

“ You see the wicked plot.
We both were victims of a crafty scheme
To break our hearts asunder. Forgery
Had done its work and pride had aided it.
The forgèd letter was a cruel one—
Casting her off with utter heartlessness,
And boasting of a later, dearer love,
And begging her to burn the *billets-doux*
A moon-struck boy had sent her ere he found
That pretty girls are plenty in the world.

“ Think you my soul was roiled with anger?—No ;—
God’s hand was on my head. A keen remorse
Gnawed at my heart. O false and fatal pride
That blinded me, else I had seen the plot
Ere all was lost,—else I had saved a life

To me most precious of all lives on earth,—
Yea, dearer then than any soul in heaven !
False pride,—the ruin of unnumbered souls—
Thou art the serpent ever tempting me ;
God, chastening me, has bruised thy serpent-head.
O faithful heart in silence suffering,—
True unto death to one she could but count
A perjured villain, cheated as she was !
Captain, I prayed,—’twas all that I could do.
God heard my prayer ; and with a solemn heart,
Bearing the letters in my hand, I went
To ask a favor of the man who crushed
And cursed my life,—to look upon her face,—
Only to look on her dear face once more.

“ I rung the bell,—a servant bade me in.
I waited long. At last the father came—
All pale and suffering. I could see remorse
Engraven on his face ; as I arose
He trembled like a culprit on the drop.
‘ O, Sir,’ he said, ‘ whatever be your quest,
I pray you leave me with my dead to-day :

I cannot look on any living face
Till her dead face is gone forevermore,—
So bitter is my sorrow.'

“‘ Ah!’—I said,
‘ It must be bitter—mingled with remorse!’
‘ Explain,’ he faltered. ‘ Pray *you*, sir, explain!’
I said, and thrust the letters in his hand.
And as he sat in silence reading hers,
I saw the pangs of conscience on his face;
I saw him tremble like a stricken soul;
And then a tear-drop fell upon his hand;
And there we sat in silence. Then he groaned
And fell upon his knees and hid his face,
And stretched his hand toward me wailing out—
‘ O Paul!—O God!—forgive me!—it was I!’

“ His anguish touched my heart. I took his hand,
And kneeling by him prayed a solemn prayer—
‘ Father, forgive him, for he knew not what
He did who broke the bond that bound us twain.

Let not the dead face of his darling child
With sad reproach break in upon his dreams,
But rather send her happy spirit oft
To whisper ' God is love—and all is well.'

"The iron man—all bowed and broken down—
Sobbed like a child. He laid his trembling hand
With many a fervent blessing on my head,
And, with the crust all crumbled from his heart,
Arose and led me to her silent couch ;
And I looked in upon my darling dead.
Mine,—O mine in Heaven forevermore !
God's angel sweetly smiling in her sleep ;
How beautiful,—how radiant of Heaven !
The ring I gave begirt her finger still ;
Her golden hair was wreathed with immortelles ;
The lips half-parted seemed to move in psalm
Or holy blessing. As I kissed her cheeks,
It almost seemed that they would flush again
As in those happy days beneath the pines ;
And as my warm tears fell upon her face,
Methought I heard that dear familiar voice,

So full of love and faith and calmest peace,
So near and yet so far and far away,
So mortal, yet so spiritual,—like an air
Of softest music on the slumbering bay
Wafted on midnight-wings to silent shores,
When myriad stars are twinkling in the sea:

*“ Paul, O Paul, forgive and be forgiven ;
Earth is all trial ;—there is peace in Heaven.’*

“ Aye, Captain, in that sad and solemn hour
I laid my hand upon the arm of Christ,
And he hath led me all the weary way
To this last battle. I shall win through Him ;
And ere you hear the reveille again
Paul and Pauline, amid the psalms of Heaven,
Embraced will kneel and at the feet of God
Receive His benediction. Let me sleep.
You know the rest ;—I’m weary and must sleep.
An angel’s bugle-blast will waken me,
But not to pain, for their is peace in Heaven.’

He slept, but not the silent sleep of death.
I felt his fitful pulse and caught anon
The softly-whispered words '*Pauline*' and '*Peace.*'
Anon he clutched with eager, nervous hand,
And in hoarse whisper shouted—'*Steady, men!*'
Then sunk again. Thus passed an hour or more
And he awoke, half-raised himself and said
With feeble voice, but eyes all lustre-lit:

"Captain, my craft is fleetly flitting out
Into the misty and eternal sea
From out whose waste no mortal craft returns.
The fog is closing round me and the mist
Is damp and cold upon my hands and face.
Why should I fear?—the loved have gone before:
I seem to hear the splash of coming oars;
The mists are lifting and the boat is near.
'Tis well. To die as I am dying now—
A soldier's death amid the gladsome shouts
Of victory for which my puny hands
Did their full share, albeit it was small,
Was all my late ambition. Bring the Flag,

And hold it o'er my head. Let me die thus
Under the stars I've followed.

“Tattered Flag,
Emblem of Hope to all the mis-ruled world,
Thy field of golden stars is rent and red—
Dyed in the blood of brothers madly spilled
By brother-hands upon the mother-soil.
O fatal Upas of the fabled Nile,
Transplanted hither,—rooted,—multiplied,—
Watered with bitter tears and sending forth
Thy venom-vapors till the land is mad,—
Thy day is done. A million blades are swung
To lay thy jungles open to the sun;
A million torches blaze thy blasted boles;
A million hands shall drag thy fibers out,
And feed the fires till every root and branch
Lie in dead ashes. From the blackened soil,
Enriched and moistened with fraternal blood,
Beside the palm shall spring the olive-tree,
And every breeze shall waft the happy songs
Of Freedom crowned with olean fruits and flowers.

Yea, Patriot-Flag of our old patriot-sires,
Honored,—victorious on an hundred fields
Where side by side for Freedom's mother-land
Her Southern sons and Northern fighting fell,
And side by side in glorious graves repose,
I see the dawn of glory grander still,—
When hand in hand upon this battle-field
The blue-eyed maidens of the Merrimac
With dewy roses from the Granite Hills,
And dark-eyed daughters from the land of Palms
With orange-blossoms from the broad St. Johns,
In solemn concert singing as they go—
Shall deck the graves of these fraternal dead.
The day of triumph comes, O blood-stained Flag!
Washed clean, and lustrous in the morning-light
Of a new era thou shalt float again
In more than pristine glory o'er the land
Peace-blest and re-united. On the seas
Thou shalt be honored to the farthest Ind.
The oppressed of foreign lands shall flock the shores
To look upon and bless thee. Mothers shall lift
Their infants to behold thee as a star
New-born in heaven to light the darkling world.

The children weeping round the desolate
Sore-stricken mother in the saddened home
Whereto the father shall no more return,
In future years will proudly boast the blood
Of him who bravely fell defending thee.
And these misguided brothers who would tear
Thy starry field asunder and 'would trail
Their own proud flag and history in the dust,
Ere many years will bless thee, dear old Flag,
That thou didst triumph even over them.
My part is done. 'Twas humble, but I feel
It was not all in vain. I go to rest.
These eyes are dim with death, but other eyes
Will see the glory thou shalt shortly wear,
And new-born stars float in upon thy field
In lustrous clusters, circling round the sun
Of universal Peace. God's will be done !
God's will is peace on earth,—good-will to men.
The chains all broken and the bond all free,
O may this nation learn to war no more ;
Yea, into plow-shares may these brothers beat
Their swords and into pruning-hooks their spears,—
Clasp hands again, and plant these battle-fields

With golden corn and purple-clustered vines,
And side by side re-build the broken walls—
Joined and cemented as one solid stone
With patriot love and Christ's sweet charity.”—

And here his words became inaudible,
As in the mazes of the Mammoth Cave
Fainter and fainter on the listening ear
The low, retreating voices die away.
His eyes were closed ;—a placid smile of peace
Sat on his lips. I held his nerveless hand,
And bent my ear to catch his latest breath ;
And, as the spirit fled the pulseless clay,
I heard—or thought I heard—his wondrous words—
“ *Pauline—how beautiful !* ”

As I arose
The gray dawn paled the shadows in the east.

THE PIONEER.

(MINNESOTA.)

When Mollie and I were married from the dear old
cottage-home,

In the vale between the hills of fir and pine,
I parted with a sigh in a stranger-land to roam,
And to seek a western home for me and mine.

By a grove-encircled lake in the wild and prairied
West,

As the sun was sinking down one summer day,
I laid my knapsack down and my weary limbs to
rest,

And resolved to build a cottage-home and stay.

I staked and marked my "corners," and I "filed"
upon my claim,

And I built a cottage-home of "logs and shakes;"
And then I wrote a letter, and Mollie and baby
came

Out to bless me and to bake my johnny-cakes.

When Mollie saw my "cottage" and the way that I
 had "bached,"
She smiled, but I could see that she was "blue;"
Then she found my "Sunday-clothes" all soiled and
 torn and patched,
And she hid her face and shed a tear or two.

But she went to work in earnest and the cabin
 fairly shone,
And her victuals were so savory and so nice
That I felt it was "not good that the man should
 be alone"—
Even in this lovely land of Paradise.

Well, the neighbors they were few and were many
 miles apart,
And you couldn't hear the locomotive scream;
But I was young and hardy, and my Mollie gave
 me heart,
And my "steers" they made a fast and fancy team.

And the way I broke the sod was a marvel, you can
 bet,

For I fed my "steers" before the dawn of day ;
And when the sun went under I was plowing
 prairie yet,
Till my Mollie blew the old tin horn for tea.

And the lazy, lousy "Injuns" came a-loafing round
 the lake,
And a-begging for a bone or bit of bread ;
And the sneaking thieves would steal whatever
 they could take—
From the very house where they were kindly fed.

O the eastern preachers preach, and the long-haired
 poets sing
Of the "noble braves" and "dusky maidens fair ;"
But if they had pioneered 'twould have been an-
 other thing
When the "Injuns" got a hankering for their
 "hair."

Often when we lay in bed in the middle of the night,
How the prairie-wolves would howl their jubilee !

Then Mollie she would waken in a shiver and a fright,
Clasp our baby-pet and snuggle up to me.

There were hardships you may guess, and enough
of weary toil
For the first few years, but then it was so grand
To see the corn and wheat waving o'er the virgin
soil,
And two stout and loving hearts went hand in hand.

But Mollie took the fever when our second babe
was born,
And she lay upon the bed as white as snow ;
And my idle cultivator lay a rusting in the corn ;
And the doctor said poor Mollie she must go.

Now I never prayed before, but I fell upon my
knees,
And I prayed as never any preacher prayed ;
And Mollie always said that it broke the fell disease ;
And I truly think the Lord He sent us aid :

For the fever it was broken, and she took a bit of
food,
And O then I went upon my knees again ;
And I never cried before,—and I never thought I
could,—
But my tears they fell upon her hand like rain.

And I think the Lord has blessed us ever since I
prayed the prayer,
For my crops have never wanted rain or dew :
And Mollie often said in the days of debt and care,
“ Don’t you worry, John, the Lord will help us
through.”

For the “ pesky,” painted Sioux, in the fall of ’sixty-
two,
Came a-whooping on their ponies o’er the plain,
And they killed my pigs and cattle, and I tell you it
looked “ blue,”
When they danced around my blazing stacks of grain.
And the settlers mostly fled, but I didn’t have a
chance,
So I caught my hunting-rifle long and true,

And Mollie poured the powder while I made the
devils dance

To a tune that made 'em jump and tumble, too.

And they fired upon the cabin, 'twas as good as
any fort,

But the "beauties" wouldn't give us any rest ;
For they skulked and blazed away, and I didn't
call it sport,

For I had to do my very "level best.

Now they don't call *me* a coward, but my Mollie
she's a "brick ;"

For she chucked the children down the cellar-way,
And she never flinched a hair tho' the bullets pat-
tered thick,

And we held the "painted beauties" well at bay.

But, once when I was aiming, a bullet grazed my
head,

And it cut the scalp and made the air look blue ;

Then Mollie straightened up like a soldier and she said :

“Never mind it, John, the Lord will help us through.”

And you bet it raised my “grit,” and I never flinched a bit,

And my nerves they got as strong as steel or brass ;

And when I fired again I was sure that I had hit,

For I saw the skulking devil “claw the grass.”

Well, the fight was long and hot, and I got a charge of shot

In the shoulder, but it never broke a bone ;

And I never stopped to think whether I was hit or not

Till we found our ammunition almost gone.

But the “Rangers” came at last—just as we were out of lead,—

And I thanked the Lord, and Mollie thanked Him, too,

For she put her arms around my neck and sobbed
and cried and said :

“ Bless the Lord !—I knew that He would help us
through.”

And yonder on the hooks hangs that same old
trusty gun,

And above it—I am sorry they’re so few—

Hang the black and braided trophies yet that I and
Mollie won

In that same old bloody battle with the Sioux.

Fifteen years have rolled away since I laid my
knapsack down,

And my prairie-claim is now one field of grain ;

And yonder down the lake loom the steeples of a
town,

And my flocks are feeding out upon the plain.

The old log-house is standing filled with bins of
corn and wheat,

And the cars they whistle past our cottage-home ;

But my span of spanking trotters they are "just
about" as fleet,
And I wouldn't give my farm to rule in Rome.

For Mollie and I are young yet, and monarchs, too,
are we—
Of a "section" just as good as lies out-doors;
And the children are so happy (and Mollie and I
have three)
And we think that we can "lie upon our oars."

So this summer we went back to the old home by
the hill:
O the hills they were so rugged and so tall!
And the lofty pines were gone, but the rocks were
all there still,
And the valleys looked so crowded and so small.

And the dear familiar faces that I longed so much
to see,
Looked so strangely unfamiliar and so old,

That the land of hills and valleys was no more a
home to me,
And the river seemed a rivulet as it rolled.

So I gladly hastened back to the prairies of the
West,—
To the boundless fields of waving grass and corn ;
And I love the lake-gemmed land where the wild-
goose builds her nest,
Far better than the land where I was born.

And I mean to lay my bones over yonder by the
lake—
By and by when I have nothing else to do,—
And I'll give the "chicks" the farm, and I know for
Mollie's sake,
That the good and gracious Lord will help 'em
through.

MAULEY,

THE BRAVE FERRYMAN.

[NOTE.—The great Sioux massacre in Minnesota commenced at the Agency village, on the Minnesota River, early in the morning of the 18th day of August, 1862, precipitated, doubtless, by the murders at Acton on the day previous. The massacre and the Indian war that followed developed many brave men but no truer hero than Mauley, an obscure Frenchman, the ferry-man at the Agency. Continually under fire, he resolutely ran his ferry-boat back and forth across the river, affording the terror-stricken people the only chance for escape. He was shot down on his boat just as he had landed on the opposite shore the last of those who fled from the burning village to the ferry-landing. The Indians disemboweled his dead body, cut off the head, hands and feet and thrust them into the cavity. See Heard's Hist. Sioux War, p. 67.]

Crouching in the early morning,
Came the swarth and naked Sioux ;
On the village, without warning,
Fell the sudden, savage blow.
Horrid yell and crack of rifle
Mingle as the flames arise ;—
With the tomahawk they stifle
Mother's wails and children's cries.
Men and women to the ferry
Fly from many a blazing cot ;—
Brave and ready—grim and steady,
Mauley mans the ferry-boat.

Can they cross the ambushed river?
'Tis for life the only chance ;
Only this may some deliver
From the scalping-knife and lance.
Through the throng of wailing women
Frantic men in terror burst ;—
“ Back, ye cravens ! ” thunders Mauley,—
I will take the women first ! ”
Then with brawny arms and lever
Back the craven men he smote.
Brave and ready—grim and steady,
Mauley mans the ferry-boat.

To and fro across the river
Plies the little mercy-craft,
While from ambushed gun and quiver
On it falls the fatal shaft.
Trembling from the burning village,
Still the terror-stricken fly,
For the Indians' love of pillage
Stays the bloody tragedy.
At the windlass-bar bare-headed—
Bare his brawny arms and throat—

Brave and ready—grim and steady,
Mauley mans the ferry-boat.

Hark !—a sudden burst of war-hoops !
They are bent on murder now ;
Down the ferry-road they rally,
Led by furious Little Crow.
Frantic mothers clasp their children,
And the help of God implore ;
Frantic men leap in the river
Ere the boat can reach the shore.
Mauley helps the weak and wounded
Till the last soul is afloat ;—
Brave and ready—grim and steady,
Mauley mans the ferry-boat.

Speed the craft !—The fierce Dacotas
Whoop and hasten to the shore,
And a shower of shot and arrows
On the crowded boat they pour.
Fast it floats across the river,
Managed by the master hand,

Laden with a freight so precious,—
God be thanked!—it reaches land.
Where is Mauley—grim and steady,
Shall his brave deed be forgot?
Grasping still the windlass-lever,
Dead he lies upon the boat.

MY HEART'S ON THE RHINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLFGANG MULLER.

My heart's on the Rhine,—in the old Father-land;
Where my cradle was rocked by a dear mother's
hand,
My youth and my friends—they are there yet, I
know,
And my love dreams of me with her cheeks all
aglow;
O there where I revelled in song and in wine!
Wherever I wander my heart's on the Rhine.

I hail thee, thou broad and thou golden-green stream ;
Ye cities and churches and castles that gleam ;
Ye grain-fields of gold in the valley so blue ;
Ye vineyards that glow in the sun-shimmered dew ;
Ye forests and caverns and cliffs that were mine !
Wherever I wander my heart's on the Rhine.

I hail thee, O life of the soul-stirring song,
Of waltz and of wine, with a yearning so strong ;
Hail, ye stout race of heroes, so brave and so true ;
Ye light-hearted maidens with eyes bonny blue ;
Your life and your aims and your efforts be mine ;
Wherever I wander my heart's on the Rhine.

My heart's on the Rhine,—in the old Father-land,
Where my cradle was rocked by a dear mother's
 hand ;
My youth and my friends—they are there yet, I
 know,
And my love dreams of me with her cheeks all
 aglow ;
Be thou ever the same to me, Land of the Vine !
Wherever I wander my heart's on the Rhine.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

(MARY OF MAGDALA.)

Reach thy hand to me, O Jesus;
Reach thy loving hand to me,
Or I sink, alas, and perish
In my sin and agony.

From the depths I cry, O Jesus,
Lifting up mine eyes to thee;
Save me from my sin and sorrow
With thy loving charity.

Pity, Jesus,—blessed Saviour;
I am weak, but thou art strong;
Fill my heart with prayer and praises,
Fill my soul with holy song.

Lift me up, O sacred Jesus,—
Lift my bruised heart to thee;
Teach me to be pure and holy
As the holy angels be.

Scribes and Pharisees surround me ;
Thou art writing in the sand :
Must I perish, Son of Mary ?
Wilt thou give the stern command ?

Am I saved ?—for Jesus sayeth—
“ Let the sinless cast a stone.”
Lo the Scribes have all departed,
And the Pharisees are gone !

“ Woman, where are thine accusers ?”
“ They have vanished one by one.”
“ Hath no man condemned thee, woman ?”
And she meekly answered—“ None.”

Then he spake His blessed answer—
Balm indeed for sinners sore—
“ Neither then will I condemn thee :
Go thy way and sin no more.”

I S A B E L .

Fare-thee-well :

On my soul the toll of bell
Trembles. Thou art calmly sleeping
While my weary heart is weeping :

I cannot listen to thy knell :

Fare-thee-well.

Sleep and rest :

Sorrow shall not pain thy breast,
Pangs and pains that pierce the mortal
Cannot enter at the portal

Of the Mansion of the Blest :

Sleep and rest.

Slumber sweet,

Heart that nevermore will beat
At the foot-steps of thy lover ;
All thy cares and fears are over.

In thy silent winding-sheet

Slumber sweet.

Fare-thee-well :
In the garden and the dell
Where thou lov'dst to stroll and meet me,
Nevermore thy kiss shall greet me,
Nevermore, O Isabel !
Fare-thee-well.

But we shall meet
Again, and O, the thought is sweet.
When my toils and cares are over,
Thou shalt greet again thy lover,—
Robed and crowned at Jesus' feet
We shall meet.

Watch and wait
At the narrow, golden gate ;
Watch my coming,—wait my greeting,
For my years are few and fleeti'g
And my love shall not abate :
Watch and wait.

So farewell,
O my darling Isabel ;

Till we meet in the supernal
Mansion and with love eternal
 In the golden city dwell,
 Fare-thee-well.

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